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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

DECEMBER 1969

Liberating Christ From Christmas
Good News: The Kitchen-Table Testament
What's Ahead for the Church in the '70s?

RECEIVED

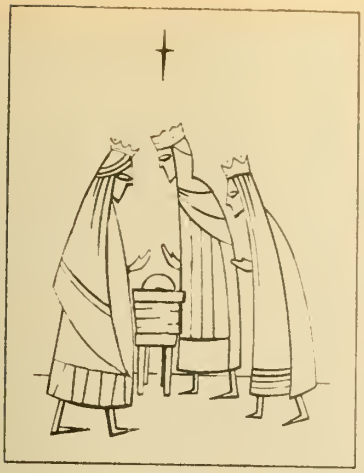
Adoration by Pat Vaccaro

INDIAN NATIVITY

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1968. The sanctuary is packed for the annual retelling of the familiar story of the birth of Christ. It is not the usual church Nativity pageant, however. No little-boy shepherds dressed in bathrobes, no choir-robed angels with topsy-turvy tinsel halos. In place of the usual manger, a 24-foot-high tepee towers in front of the altar. Mary is a Seminole, Joseph a Chickasaw. The baby sleeps on a cradleboard. As the Gospel story is read, Indian children approach the tepee-manger. The "shepherds" are braves, the "wisemen" are chieftains and a medicine man from far-off tribes. After special music, church members wearing the native dress of many lands stream forward to join the Indians worshiping at the "eternal manger." Then everyone sings "O Come All Ye Faithful," and the simple, beautiful service is over.

The Indian-style Nativity pageant will be repeated this Christmas Eve in Oklahoma City —home of many American Indian United Methodists—by the young people of St. Luke's United Methodist Church.

—Naomi Taylor Casey



"**When they saw** the stor, they rejoiced exceedingly with greot joy; ond going into the house they sow the child with Mory his mother, ond they fell down ond worshiped him. Then opening their treosures, they offered him gifts, gold ond fronkincense ond myrrh." (Motthew 2:10-13.) The ortist who did this month's cover resides in Polond, Ohio, is o silk-screen speciolist, ond much of his work hos been inspired by the Bible. Pot Voccoro hos exhibited widely, both here ond obrood. This month he is scheduled for o one-mon show in Reform Gollery, Ghent, Belgium.

TOGETHER **DECEMBER 1969**
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Happiness is having a mother to love you

And nine-month-old Lin Su contentedly sucks her thumb as she watches her new "mother" come to give her a nursing bottle of warm milk.

Lin Su's "mother" is a staff member at our Pine Hill Babies' Home in Hong Kong and to Lin Su she means happiness and security—and most important—love.

You see, until she came to us, this little girl had been badly neglected and abused. Her mother died when Lin Su was born and her father disappeared soon after. Lin Su was left alone in the shack which was her home. Neighbors found her and tried to take care of her.

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Besides being dangerously undernourished, Lin Su had been deprived of the warm, loving atmosphere that all babies need if they are to thrive.

Now, Lin Su is happy. You can see from her picture that contentment and security have filled her world. She is responding well to the tender care she receives and her eyes light up when her "mother" comes near.

It's good to comfort and take care of a little one like Lin Su. Won't you share this feeling with us by becoming a CCF sponsor for one of thousands of other children who are victims of events they cannot help?

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LIBERATING CHRIST FROM CHRISTMAS

By RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

THE VERY SUGGESTION of liberating Christ from Christmas seems persumptuous. If he is Christ and Lord, we cannot do him any favors. But we can, for our sake more than his, honor him or at least stop dishonoring him. One way to do this, some concerned churchmen argue, is to get Christ out of the Christmas business.

The argument to do this is appealing, but it runs into the same problems encountered by yesteryear's admonitions to "keep Christ in Christmas," and so some distinctions are in order. Which Christmas are we talking about?

There is the Christmas of Main Street, scathingly celebrated by Howard Nemerov as "this annual savior of the economy."

Since the image of Jesus is so vulnerable, we have been able to do weird things with him. Among the most weird is this palship with Santa, wherein we make Christ an accomplice in Main Street's Christmas crime.

Yet, I am not at all sure that Jesus wants this association terminated. The "bums" who play Santa for money are just the type Jesus was always taking up with. I personally have reason to fear the day when Jesus stops associating with phonies. Anyway, the overstuffed men in red are not among the more subtle or most dangerous phonies of our society.

Yes, you say, but the dressed-up derelicts are not the issue. The problem is with the media men, manufacturers, and shopkeepers for whom Santa and the Child are but puppets in the commercial exploitation of the wistful and the sacred. Be fair. They are only making a buck like everyone else. And aren't we always urging that "Christ be brought into the marketplace"? You have heard it said, "We have to make Christ relevant to people where they are!" Good. For better or worse, the department-store Christmas is where Americans are. And right there is the Christ child being relevant.

If we try to dissociate Jesus from the grubby business of Christmas, we may "purify" him right out of the consciousness of our contemporaries. We would be left with a theologically lucid image of Jesus carefully preserved within the four walls of our empty churches. Jesus was not known for keeping himself untainted by contact with the sordid and perverse. The job is not to get Christ out of Christmas but to get the real Christ into Christmas.

Consider another version of Christmas that some people would like to get Christ out of. Unlike the Christmas of the commercial pitch, the other Christmas is soft and sweet and nostalgic. For the commercial Christmas we like to blame the shopkeepers, and they come in for a verbal whipping from ten thousand pulpits every year. But this other Christmas of delusive sentimentality is our own handiwork. Consider the silly things done in the churches: the elaborate and, for the most part, tasteless decorations; the demeaning of God's angelic warriors by turning them into sexless fairies or bouncing cherubs; the worship of "the Christ child," as though Jesus never grew up to be murdered as an adult extremist but was caught in Herod's bloody scheme after all; the semiannual homecoming of faithless folk who just adore the carol sing on Christmas eve.

Is this Christmas a more accurate statement of the Christ-event than the statement exhibited in Macy's window? It is only more outrageous for it is Christ in the name of Christ, whereas the other is more candidly Christ in the name of the dollar.

Last year the pastor of a Presbyterian church touched in his Christmas sermon on the racist bigotry disguised by the kindly facade of his community. "We want our minister to speak on social questions," declared the church's distressed leaders, "but his timing was bad. This sort of thing is not for Christmas."

We must be fair to these laymen. Decades of American Christmas piety taught them what is for Christmas. For Christmas this year—like last year, and way on back to that little white clapboard New England chapel where grandma went to meeting—is the charming bundle of religious sedative to soften the blows of a hard world. The Christmas ceremony is the homage that unbelief pays to tradition.

God knows, it is a hard world. Men will not, and should not, give up their suspicion that there is something better. We suspect we are meant to be more than we are in a world that is more than it appears to be. Quench that intuition and we quench our humanity. The Christmas observance, for all its distortions, speaks to our yearning for that "more." We cannot help criticizing, and we are tempted to laugh at, the silly things we do at Christmas. But they represent something real which, if we despise it, is to despise an authentic part of human experience. People do find meaning in Christmas.

In their legitimate search for meaning, people are encouraged to look backward. Christmas, for instance,

seems designed to recapture some lost innocence of childhood. But the truth of Christmas is not so much a remembrance of things past as it is an anticipation of things to come. As it is usually observed, Christmas is a gazing into the rearview mirror in order to determine our direction. Such navigation is bound toward disaster. The gospel message is that paradise is to be welcomed from the future.

We must turn around our celebration of Christmas. We do not worship the child of memory, nor even the rebel rabbi of the cross, but the eternally risen Lord in whom is our promised destiny. To be sure, he cannot be separated from that Palestinian sojourn. In him all history—past, present, and future—holds together. The event of the incarnation is the good news that our time is not without purpose, that within our calendar days God is relentlessly and mysteriously present, preparing our world to receive his rule.

Mystery is a word much used at Christmas—the mystery of the incarnation, the mystery of candlelight flickering on Gothic walls, the mystery of psalms and songs to ancient tunes. It is a much-abused word, used to cover everything from the grace of God to the spine-tingling sensation of listening to boy sopranos at midnight mass. Yet mystery is at the heart of it all. It is the mystery of how the future of mankind came bawling into our history at a birth in Bethlehem. It is the mystery of how the future keeps confronting us in the most unlikely ways: through the blacks who are the Jews of our time, America's Israel; through students who prove their love in resistance to our wrong; through the peasants of Viet Nam and the starved corpses on the streets of Calcutta. This is the mystery of our future, that they will surely rise to witness against our power, pride, and indifference.

This is the present mystery of Christmas, revealing the future: they will come with him, dusty from the roads of Palestine, the Congo, Brazil, and Indochina—a great host of the unkempt, joined by our own neighbors in whom we failed to see "the mystery of the incarnation."

Christmas is not finding our place in the lovely tableau of a silent and holy night long ago; Christmas is the mystery of God's will in the present. Christmas is judgment. And to those who repent, Christmas is hope.

I can understand why people want to separate Christ from the orgy of exploitation and sentimentality that we call Christmas. But he will not let us separate him. We do not have to keep Christ in Christmas. He is already in it for keeps. It will not even do, as one churchman suggests, to transfer our celebration of Christmas to January 6, following the Eastern Orthodox pattern. We cannot evade the December 25th of America, 1969. Here the lordship of Christ must be asserted and celebrated—or not at all.

"Christ is indeed the Lord of all things," Luther declares, "of good and bad, of angels and devils, of virgins and harlots . . . His kingdom is not an outward body or government, yet everything is subject to him, whether spiritual or material, heavenly or hellish." There is much that is hellish in our society and, in its own evasive, manipulative way, our Christmas observance adds to the hellishness. There is a terrible cruelty in suggesting, as our observance does suggest, that relief from the horrors of life is to be found in an annual game of "let's pretend," with its pageants, tinsel, and soft lights. We sense the pathos of man's desperate effort to escape brutal reality, if even for a moment. Thus Christmas becomes the supreme feast of despair. People leave our Christmas sanctuaries, eyes misted by the beauty of it all, and crying inside, "Oh God, if life were only like that!" But they have been tricked again. Their yearning is titillated but not satisfied.

The redemption of our prostituted Christmas observances depends on our readiness to assert and celebrate the claim of Christ's lordship. This requires changing what we do at Christmastime in our churches. Perhaps we need to find new symbols to communicate what we mean by Chirstmas, but equally urgent is taking more seriously the symbols we already have that say much more than we are ready to mean.

Recently a group of liturgical scholars invited social scientists to discuss with them the possibility of develop-

ing new symbols to communicate ideas such as incarnation, redemption, resurrection, judgment. Sociologist Peter L. Berger remarked to the liturgists and theologians, "You are frustrated because you feel you are not communicating with people inside the church and out. But I suspect the problem is not one of communication so much as it is of content. If you know what you want to say, I believe you will have gone a long way in finding the symbols to say it."

This sounds simplistic in a time when the conventional wisdom includes McLuhan's maxim that the medium is the message. The fault is with the maxim. The question

of truth cannot be evaded. The Christmas medium may be beautiful, moving, poetic, and in some deeply felt sense meaningful. But is it true? Does what we say and do at Christmas reflect our understanding of the universe in which we live, or is it a seductively fanciful escape from the reality we think we know too well? No revision of our observances will renew Christmas unless such revision grows out of the daring premise that "Christ is indeed the Lord of all things whether spiritual or material, heavenly or hellish."

Such a renewed feast is for grown-up people. Christmas is for children, to be sure, but not so much for children who are still gullible enough to believe anything as for those who have become as children in the fervor of their response to the gospel of the Kingdom. Here is no place for the cloying sweetness of fairy tales and pretty choirs; here is the startling news of God's becoming man to make all things new. This does not mean that our Christmas observance should be bereft

of beauty or poetry. It does mean that Christmas should be relentlessly honest.

If what we say about the lordship of Christ is true, we are compelled to stretch our imaginations to their limits in order to capture its meaning and, failing to capture it, we must break into poetry of sheerest praise. The poetry of our praise, however, is no escape from the immediate. When we envision the fields of Bethlehem, we envision them not so much as they were in the first century as how they are under the mortar fire of the twentieth.

Do not sing the Christmas songs if, in order to do so, you must block out what is contemporary and unpleasant. Do not praise the wonder unless you are prepared to undertake the work the wonder demands. The Christmas celebrated in song is not a magic moment of the past to be retrieved but the promise of a future to be realized. Christ is not imprisoned in Christmas past. He is the liberated Lord calling us to the works of liberation. If Christmas is to call men to new life, we must liberate our image of Christ from the Christmas observances that are dominated by the forced cheer and seductive nostalgia which are among the more pathetic forms of despair.

Let the churches this year refuse to hold Christmas services designed to play to the gallery of pagans who will return at Easter to lunch on the hill of Calvary. We might even celebrate the Christ-Mass, the meal of communal commitment and hope, challenging the crowds not to admire the Christ child but to follow the Christ. Church groups might well abandon their schedule of Christmas parties in the month of December and let the austerity of the weeks of Advent prepare us for the wonder of Christmas hope.

We liberate Christ from the perversions of Christmas not by trying to take him out of Christmas but by asserting his lordship within Christmas. Those who would serve Christ can challenge those who would use Christ by demanding that merchants present the full picture in their display windows. Negotiate and demonstrate to get the beatitudes posted alongside the shepherds, the cross behind the creche, Jesus' invitation to poverty beside the merchant's pitch for possessions. It is not a bad thing if merchants wish to advertise the message of Jesus. But if they want to promote sales through the cult of divine babyhood, let them find another myth. Our job is not to deplore the presence of Christ in the commercial Christmas but to help businessmen decide between presenting the whole Christ or none.

As for the tourists at Christmas services, let them be confronted by the pilgrims. If the churches ignored December 25, we would miss this chance. No doubt the television networks would produce their own midnight masses, delicately omitting references to the broken body, spilled blood, and brutal death of the Christmas Child. If the churches declined, others would take the lead in celebrating what they think is the Christmas story, all smoothly refined to offend the sensibilities of no one, to challenge no one, to save no one.

Christmas is here to stay, at least for the foreseeable future. It is a piece of culture religion. The church's job is to make the best of the feast, to reform it where possible, to check its more outrageous perversions where necessary. Don't worry about Christ being mixed up in this Christmas business. He is already liberated, and his lordship is secure. His freedom is perfected in self-surrendering involvement in the ambiguous affairs of man. The real issue at Christmas is whether we are liberated by the same involvement. □

Church-planner Lyle E. Schaller discusses...

What's Ahead for the Church in the '70s

SINCE OCTOBER, 1968, Lyle E. Schaller has been director of the ecumenically oriented Center for Parish Development at the former Evangelical United Brethren-related seminary in Naperville, Ill. With Mr. Schaller, a former Methodist, at its helm, the center represents an innovation for co-operative churchmanship. Its primary purposes are to tie the seminary more closely to the work of local churches of all denominations and to offer them the services of the center staff and the seminary faculty. In its first year the center worked with local churches and officials of 17 denominations.

Mr. Schaller's association with the Center for Parish Development continues a career in the field of planning. Before entering the ministry he spent seven years in municipal government as a planner, fiscal officer, and research director. Later, after serving a Methodist pastorate in Wisconsin, he was director of the Regional Church Planning Office for 14 denominations in the Cleveland-Akron-Lorain region of Ohio. In the following interview Mr. Schaller talked with TOGETHER Managing Editor Paige Carlin about what lies ahead for churches in the 1970s.

Let's begin by talking about the local congregation. Are you optimistic or pessimistic about the future?

I get into many local churches, and while the majority of them tend to be problem situations (that's why I'm there), I find a great deal going on that I think is healthy. So, I'm optimistic. I recently spent a weekend with one of our United Methodist congregations in Illinois, for example, in a council of ministries retreat to set goals for the church. I came away greatly impressed by the mission orientation of these very able laymen. This is a church where there is dissent, both from those who think the church is doing too much and those who think it's not doing enough. But it has not been polarized. I think it is typical of many churches.

One of the interesting things I see going on today is the number of laymen who joined a church 20, 30, or 40 years ago and were active members there, but then they moved to a new community and became completely inactive. Now they're coming back. They see what the church is doing and they want to be part of it.

Is this happening just because of social-action programs?

I would use a broader phrase than social action. I would say something like "a ministry beyond the membership." In some cases this is a ministry concerned with issues. In other cases it's a ministry aimed at ministering to people who are not members of the congregation.

We are moving into a period, I believe, in which the parish will become the "in" thing. Five or 10 years ago the local church was being denounced as irrelevant and obsolete. Now it is being called the place where change can be accomplished, the place where the action is.

Many pastors are saying that the loyal core of their members is grow-

ing more loyal and committed, while the "fringe" people are moving out to and beyond the fringe. We have statistics which support this.

Would you go on to say that if a church is to attract new members in the 1970s it will not attract them with beautiful buildings or internal activities but with programs of involvement in the community?

Well, I don't want to sound as if you should put all your eggs in one basket. Let me put it this way: I think that one of the most significant aspects of evangelism today is, "Are you doing what we in the church have persuaded society the church ought to be doing?" If you are doing this, then you will have an appeal—not to everybody but to a very substantial number of people. We've been hammering for 15 years or more, in our preaching and our literature, on the theme that "the church is mission," and I think we've gotten the message across to a lot of people.

know, Dad, that was the first time I understood what that man was talking about.' " The point is that what is meaningful to one person may not be meaningful to another, and I think we are beginning to recognize that.

Do you mean we can't have just one service for everyone anymore?

Right. I am impressed with the churches which have two or three worship services, each substantially different from the others, and which let the members choose the one that appeals to them personally. But this also says that each worshiper has to tolerate the others.

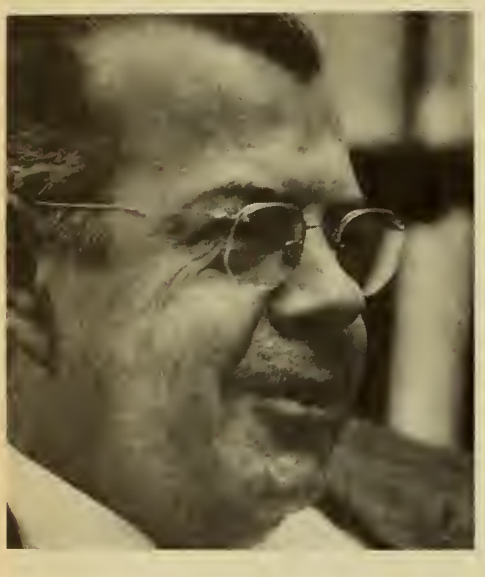
Some churches have one worship service planned and led by young people. One of the places in this world where life is different from the way it used to be is what we do for young people. And what we do for young people today is to get out of the way. When I was a youngster, the older people put on a program for us. In the 1970s many of the tradi-

terials to build a wing on that hospital, and then they recruited a group of men to go back to Haiti and build it. That's what I think is meaningful involvement by kids. The church just has to open the door and get out of the way.

The pressing problems for young people today are not football games and student-council dances. They're concerned about the draft, war and peace, hunger, poverty, race. These are issues the church faces too, and I'm convinced that the kids are not going to stay away from the church. That may or may not be reassuring to some of us adults.

What changes do you see happening in Christian education?

A generation ago the phrases "Sunday school," "Christian education," and "church school" were synonymous in most churches. Christian education was what happened in the church school on Sunday morning. Now this is all being decentral-



Considering the diversity of members within any single congregation, what effect does this have on our worship practices?

Diversity in worship is important. As an illustration of this I think of a middle-aged man who told me about attending a service where the minister very carefully had prepared the call to worship, the prayers, the sermon, everything, in the language being used by young people today.

"We went home after church and talked about this at the dinner table," he told me, "and I said to my family that I couldn't remember ever having been in a worship service that had less meaning for me. My 11-year-old daughter spoke up and said, 'You

tional church organizations either will become vehicles for involvement, for mission, or they will die, and I think we are going to see the best illustration of this in the youth fellowship.

Will it survive?

It will survive where it becomes a vehicle for meaningful involvement. But it will not survive where adults get together and plan the program and mimeograph it and hand it out to the kids.

Warsaw (Ind.) district churches last year sent a group of young people to Haiti, and they came back all steamed up about a children's hospital which was badly overcrowded. They raised something like $9,000 to buy ma-

ized—taken out of Sunday morning and even out of the church building.

Is the quality of the education changing?

The quality is going up rapidly. One of the things which happens automatically when you pull Christian education out of Sunday morning is that you take it out of the schedule bind of the 45-minute "hour." In a growing number of parishes the junior-high "Sunday school" classes, instead of meeting during the crowded Sunday-morning schedule, meet for two or three hours, say, on Thursday after school from 4 to 7:30. The teachers say it's the greatest thing since sliced bread. As one of them

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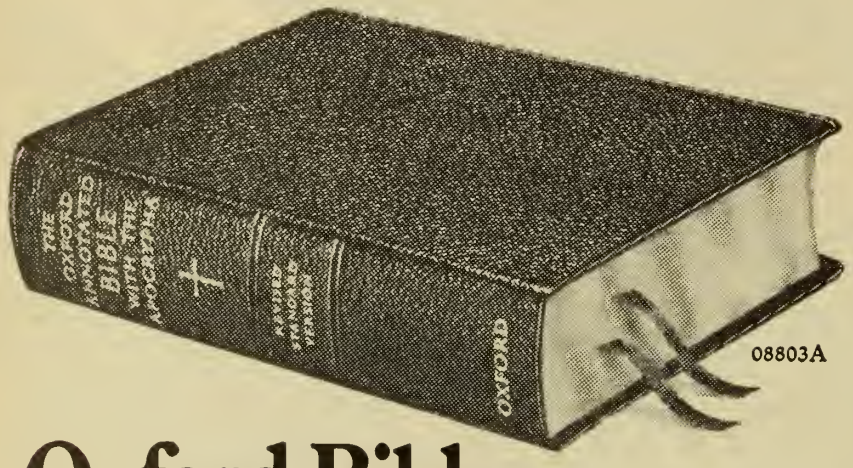

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told me, "Now I have all day to prepare my lesson rather than having to do it Saturday night or Sunday morning before church." They now have time to really accomplish something in the classroom.

Even more significant is the development of weekend programs. A church or a group of churches will schedule a 48-hour weekend session as a part of their membership training program. One pastor I talked to has a 30-week membership class plus one of these weekend programs, and he feels that the class accomplishes two thirds of its work just during the weekend.

Can we talk about the future of specific kinds of local congregations? What about the small rural church?

I see both the beginning of a trend and a need to widen the options open to the small rural congregation. We have tended to offer only three or four options. One is a high-cost operation—sometimes as much as $100 per member per year just to pay the pastor's salary. Other options are simply to dissolve, to merge, or to become part of a larger parish.

I think there should be other options, one of which would require a redefinition of functions so that some of the things we traditionally associate with the local church—worship and Sunday school, for instance—would be carried on locally while other functions, like weekday Christian education, would be carried on co-operatively with neighboring churches.

Another option would be greater involvement of laymen. Our United Methodist *Discipline* provides for the counseling elder, and we have a lot of well-educated laymen who would be open and eager for training to function as lay preachers. I can see an ordained minister being appointed to a cluster of perhaps eight churches and having eight assistants, all with full-time secular jobs. The full-time pastor would be the counseling elder for the group and would serve as the connectional man between the local churches and the denomination. By using this concept you wouldn't isolate the small congregation with a part-time untrained or partially trained man as we have done in the past, but rather you would tie it in and build in quality and competence.

What about the future of the old downtown church?

This question will become much more pressing in the '70s than it has ever been before. You have the matter of fear produced by crime and violence—the fear is more significant than the violence itself. You have the rapid moving out of people from the center city so that they really are too far to come back to the downtown church in spite of freeways. The downtown church used to be able to draw membership from a wide area by having a good education program, good music, good preaching. That isn't enough anymore. They have to have something which says, "Every day of the week we are doing something beyond our own walls and our own members." If they don't have that, I don't think they're going to pull it off.

Is there a future for the inner-city church in the old residential neighborhood?

Oh yes, but we have to recognize change. We used to think strictly in terms of white churches, and if white churches pulled out, we felt that was *the* church moving out even though there were black congregations already there and black people moving in. We have to see this a little differently because the racial integration of previously all-white congregations is largely a thing of the past. In the 1970s we will see the racial integration of previously all-black congregations. We also will see the continued decline of the concept of the geographic parish.

Do you sense an antiestablishment trend that threatens existing denominational structures?

One of the most interesting things going on today is what I call the attack on the denominational budget—in our United Methodist Church and many others. A lot of people are saying, "Let's move away from some of the institutional things we've been doing. Take the money we've been putting into hospitals and homes and colleges and universities—and in some cases into the bureaucracy of administration—and turn it loose to be used for new ventures." This means that the role of the church is going to be more and more that of initiator rather than the continuing operator of institutions.

I expect this attack to continue during the 1970 round of annual church meetings—the annual conference sessions in our United Methodist terminology. A lot of questions will be asked about who sets the priorities and how. Is the church going to be relevant in the 1970s? I think there is a ferment here which says, "Yes, we are!"

Where are the funds going to come from?

Nationally, we have had a sharp increase in personal incomes so the money is there. But our giving in The United Methodist Church has not kept up. We are behind the Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Lutherans, and many other leading denominations.

The statistics show that from 1964 to 1968 the per capita personal income of all Americans increased 32 percent. During those same years, the total giving of Methodists (the statistics predate The United Methodist Church) increased only 14 percent. In the meanwhile members of the Lutheran Church in America increased their total giving by 18 percent, United Presbyterians by 15 percent, American Baptists by 28 percent, and Southern Baptists by 29 percent.

It should be added, too, that the Consumer Price Index went up only 12 percent during those years.

Are you saying that we don't ask our people to give enough?

People will respond when you tell them about a legitimate need and how much is needed. I was in a local church this fall when the appeal was made for relief of victims of Hurricane Camille. All that was said was, "We have had an appeal from the bishops and there is an envelope in the bulletin." So the average person puts a dollar in. If they had said, "Our council of ministries has met and decided this is a real need and we should raise $2,000," the man in the pew would say, "I'd better put a $10 bill in this envelope."

If we had good co-operation between the church and state, we would do away with the one-dollar bill. It would double church receipts overnight if we had nothing smaller than a two-dollar bill. □

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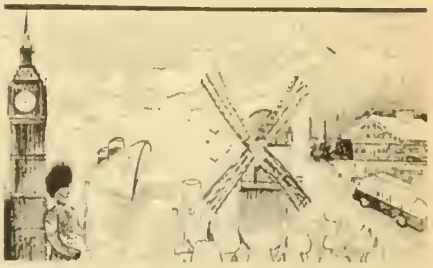

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Evangelicals Discover 'New Freedoms'

A WORLD of Christians exists between the extremes of Pope John XXIII, late patron saint of the ecumenical movement, and Elmer Gantry, Sinclair Lewis's fictional prototype of sawdust-trail con men.

The Protestant portion of that world might be divided roughly between "mainstream ecumenists" and "conservative Evangelicals." The latter group almost certainly is the larger. Every denomination has them, and some denominations have little else. Some deny and defy denominational classification, and the traditions of damnation, my-brand salvation, and fly-by-night operations still cling to a scattered few.

Comes now the end of the 1960s. And stands now The United Methodist Church, itself the product of unions suturing divisions more political than scriptural. Second in size only to the Roman Catholic Church among national denominations (the Southern Baptist Convention is slightly larger, but its membership and influence is largely regional), United Methodism embraces more of the extremes than any other group.

Participation From the First

Thus from the time in 1967 when first proposals went out of Minneapolis, Minn., regarding a possible U.S. Congress on Evangelism, United Methodists had massive interests at stake. The United Methodist Board of Evangelism was among the first groups solicited for support, participation, and ideas, and it contributed manpower almost from the first.

By early 1969, when it was apparent that conservative Evangelicals definitely would meet one another across denominational lines and when September dates were firm for use of the Minneapolis Municipal Auditorium, United Methodists were allotted 500 seats in the hoped-for capacity crowd of 8,000.

Come opening day on a clear, stimulating Upper Midwest September Monday, and United Methodists had some 300 delegates among the approximately 5,000 registrants. Representing the denomination on the congress program of the next five days were a district superintendent from Texas, a conference evangelist from Kentucky, and a former Miss America from Arizona. Meeting together only once as a denominational caucus, United Methodists otherwise simply helped constitute the essentially white, male, surprisingly youngish congress which elected no officers, appointed no committees, received no resolutions, and cast no votes.

So *that* (the diehard ecumenist might sneer) is all conservative Evangelicals do when they finally do get together! Just talk and, presumably, listen.

This would be correct if one ignored the fervor of the talk, the intensity of the listening, and the spontaneity of the sometimes-stomping, frequently standing ovations and the lusty "Amens!" and occasional "Hallelujahs!" which swept the auditorium.

Who was talking? Billy Graham, for one, admitting as congress honorary chairman that he would reevaluate his entire ministry based on the experiences of the week but promising that his message—"only the gospel"—would remain firm.

Ralph Abernathy, for another, urging the church to be the church, affirming that only through evangelism will the world be saved, inviting any evangelist at the congress to join his Southern Christian Leadership Conference in the second phase of its Poor People's Campaign which he says will combine soul power with union power.

Kenneth Chafin, for another. No, not a national name, but a gifted young (42) professor at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky., who jarred the congress when he said, "You don't need the power of God to get people like you to church. It's just sort of a sociological gathering of the clan."

Tom Skinner, for another. The leader of a Young Lords street gang in New York City's Harlem at 14, he now (at 27) heads his own evangelistic association. In darkly articulated tones accentuated by deft jabs at and weavings away from illusory devils, he declaimed, "To deny your brother a place to live, a job, an education, or social position because of his color—he can recover from all that. But to deny me fellowship with Christ because of my color is a blow from which I can't recover."

The congress reached an emotional peak on Skinner's words far out of proportion to the meager number of blacks registered and much higher than any subsequent white scholar or black, brown, or red activist could equal.

U.S. Senator Mark O. Hatfield, Republican from Oregon, as a final

"for instance." A Baptist of proclaimed evangelical preferences, he took a giant step for Christianity with a major paper linking evangelism with world peace.

Enormous Accomplishment

Words come cheap, the skeptic could retort. What about action?

First, one would have to acknowledge the enormous accomplishment of gathering 5,000 Americans from 95 denominations in 50 states and 10 foreign countries to exchange views on evangelism. Billy Graham's name and his Minneapolis-based organization were so closely linked with the preparation and the execution of the congress that many wrote it off as a mini-crusade, Graham style. It was more than that, though turn-away crowds at the three public gatherings—a women's luncheon (nearly 5,000), a youth night (some 18,000), and a closing-night service (a sports coliseum filled an hour in advance)—testified to Graham-type know-how in rallying masses.

Second, one must note that American Evangelicals did not meet in isolation. The Minneapolis congress was a direct result of the 1966 World Congress on Evangelism in Berlin. (Billy Graham was a headliner there, too.) Other regional or national congresses are being held, and Dr. Graham predicts another world congress in two years.

Third, one must marvel, unless he had some keen foreknowledge of the evangelical mind, that theological conservatives can espouse social concerns. Why else invite Ralph Abernathy to define the three great evils of the day—war, poverty, and racism

A Surprising Congress

"MANY of us came to this congress with tongue in cheek. We feared this would be just a continuation of the tradition that has seen evangelism divorced from social action. . . ."

"I wouldn't have been too surprised to see 5,000 people rolling in the aisles, shouting hallelujahs. . . ."

"Well, I didn't know what to expect, really. I'm hopeful I can learn something that I can use back home. . . ."

These second-day reactions to the week-long U.S. Congress on Evangelism—from a black Lutheran leader, a newsman, and a United Methodist pastor from Seattle—were somewhat reassuring (for I still felt a little uneasy about being there myself).

Unlike most delegates, I was not a pastor, an evangelist, a lay leader, or a denominational official. Perhaps we all had been drawn by the simple statement of purpose calling for: a reaffirmation of the Lordship of Jesus Christ and of the power of the gospel; a spiritual renewal within the church through the Holy Spirit; an opportunity to trade ideas and techniques of evangelism; and a challenging of believers to attack the social injustices and evils of American society.

It would be interesting, I had thought beforehand, to see what parts of the stated purpose a civil-rights speaker would draw on, in comparison to what a "hellfire and brimstone" evangelist would say. Imagine my surprise to hear almost every speaker stressing basically the same points.

Dr. Billy Graham: "The man that God uses will be a faithful steward of the gospel, and he will have a compassionate social conscience. How about getting your fingernails dirty?"

Dr. Myron S. Augsburger, a Mennonite college president: "We fail to Christianize the leaders of society—to evangelize the landowner, the housing authorities, the chamber of commerce personnel, and the national thought makers."

Dr. Richard Halverson, pastor, Fourth Presbyterian Church, Washington, D.C.: "Why do we isolate and emphasize evangelism as being more important than the two great commandments . . . to love God and neighbor?"

Dr. Ralph D. Abernathy: "Take the gospel of Jesus Christ out of your holy places into the alleys and byways of life."

The congress was different from many church meetings I've attended. Attendance did *not* drop off as the week wore on. The denominational mind-sets gave way to an honest openness and questioning and sharing that I found hard to believe was for real—at first.

And the delegates literally carried the message of the meeting into the streets. At a downtown bank plaza, noon-hour services featured gospel-singing George Beverly Shea, former baseball great Bobby Richardson, and others. Young people witnessed to the neighborhood between sessions. A typical middle-class-looking churchman engaged a young passerby in conversation on the street. Mod, professional-quality folk singers toured high schools to sing and to invite young people to a congress-sponsored youth rally.

At the Turn On, as the rally was billed, musical groups and soloists entertained the estimated 18,000 young people who turned out. The armory was wall-to-wall people long before Turn On time, so several thousand teens were bussed to the city auditorium to watch the show on closed circuit television.

Later a number of performers appeared in person at the auditorium, also. Between songs Pat Boone, basketball star Bill McKee, and others gave short testimonies of what Jesus means to them. The program ended around midnight, when an old-fashioned "invitation" was extended. Nearly 1,000 very 20th-century-looking-and-acting young people responded.

The Minneapolis meeting, surprisingly, took directions no one had predicted. More than one major speaker got up to say, "The speech I had prepared just doesn't fit anymore, so let me share what's on my heart." I suspect the Spirit of God was moving at this meeting more powerfully than most Christians think it can.

I wonder about the churches not represented at the congress. Will those not labeled "Evangelicals" be as open, as willing to accept others as they are, as willing to acknowledge the need for Jesus Christ as the people at Minneapolis were?

—*Martha A. Lane*

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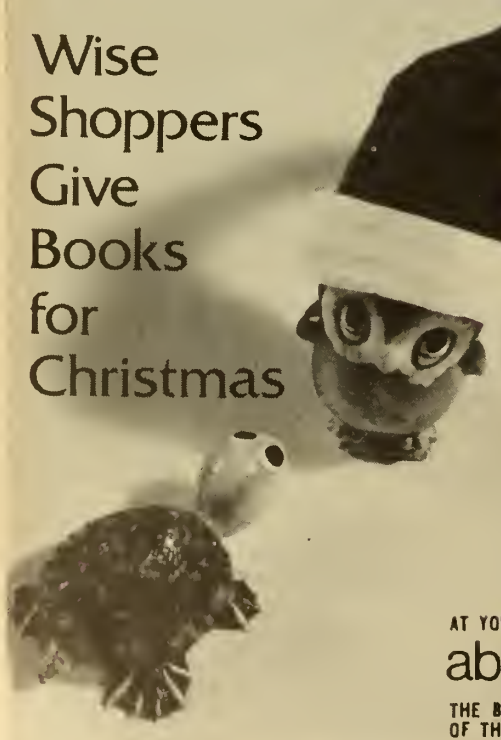

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—before the congress? Why tolerate Billy Graham's talented younger brother-in-law, Leighton Ford, with his deep perception of evangelism alive in a day of revolution?

Why present a swinging Australian folk-music group along with gospel singers to provide musical interludes in the homiletical torrent? Why program young people to respond as frankly as they chose to major position papers presented by some of the nation's leading conservative evangelical scholars?

Why applaud an official apology from Dr. Graham to two University of Minnesota youths (reportedly husband and wife) who had been forced from the arena after a mild disturbance? Why encourage a black-white dialogue (2,000 whites in the audience, 50 blacks on stage) after congress hours, only to hear many whites plead, "Tell us what we can do." Why give two American Indians post-benediction hearings one night to present claims of the original Americans?

Why indeed? Who could dispute the claim of many in Minneapolis that these and other turns were the work of the Holy Spirit? Wasn't this what was required if the church would be, as the three-man evaluation team described it, "rocked, challenged, and even exposed by the humanity around her"?

The evaluation committee went on: "We believe that Evangelicalism in America has had a new birth of freedom: freedom from old cliches, freedom from narrow loyalties, freedom from restricted fellowship, freedom in Christ to proclaim the gospel in love to the family of mankind."

Brave words. But who will carry them out?

What Comes Next?

Congress planners correctly calculated that most delegates would be local pastors, though they hoped for more like one-third divisions among pastors, laymen, and evangelists. With a view toward reinvigorating evangelism in the local church, the congress offered delegates more than 40 workshops three afternoons. Each person was free to choose what appealed to him, from "Reaching the High-School Student" to "Being the Church in a Deprived Area" to "How to Witness for Christ." The methodology of evan-

gelism, not the sales pitch of any evangelistic program, was expected to be presented, and congress committeemen carefully policed the sessions to make them conform to plans. Thus the local-church how-to emphasis was achieved.

What of an ongoing organization? Dr. Graham told a press conference he frankly hoped no such body would be formed out of the congress, and none was. The meeting's black caucus indicated it would attempt to pull together a stronger black evangelical group, with white resources solicited and appreciated. Many of the congress leaders already participate in the Key Bridge consultations, a group seeking further evangelical co-operation and focusing upon an interdenominational evangelistic thrust in 1973.

Doors Opened to Dialogue

For specific United Methodist involvement in any changes resulting from the congress the most responsible projection came from the denomination's Board of Evangelism. General Secretary Joseph H. Yeakel summarized the congress as a serious effort on the part of conservative evangelical Christians "to take seriously the world as God's agenda." He added that doors to dialogue "are opened a bit wider than before."

The board's principal liaison with the congress and a member of its national committee was the Rev. Joe Hale, director of ecumenical projects for the Board of Evangelism. This is part of his summary:

"This was an ecumenical gathering, and it has to be seen as such. Our board has an ecumenical stance. . . . This congress makes it easier for us to get with people who might not otherwise be open to co-operative planning. The dominant mood in Minneapolis comes out very close to where we are as a board. It is impossible to separate theological foundations from action in mission. . . .

"There is almost unlimited potential in this denomination if the vision of its evangelism is far reaching enough. . . . Wesley's two questions —'Is it in the Bible?' and 'Is it in experience?'—counterbalance areas of Christian experience and biblical faith. The call to social reform in Wesleyan-church history speaks of an applied Christianity that is imperative. United Methodism is a bridge

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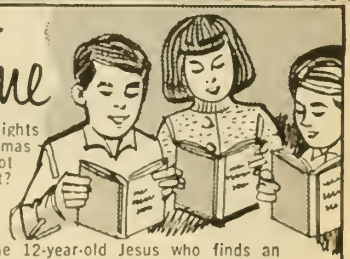

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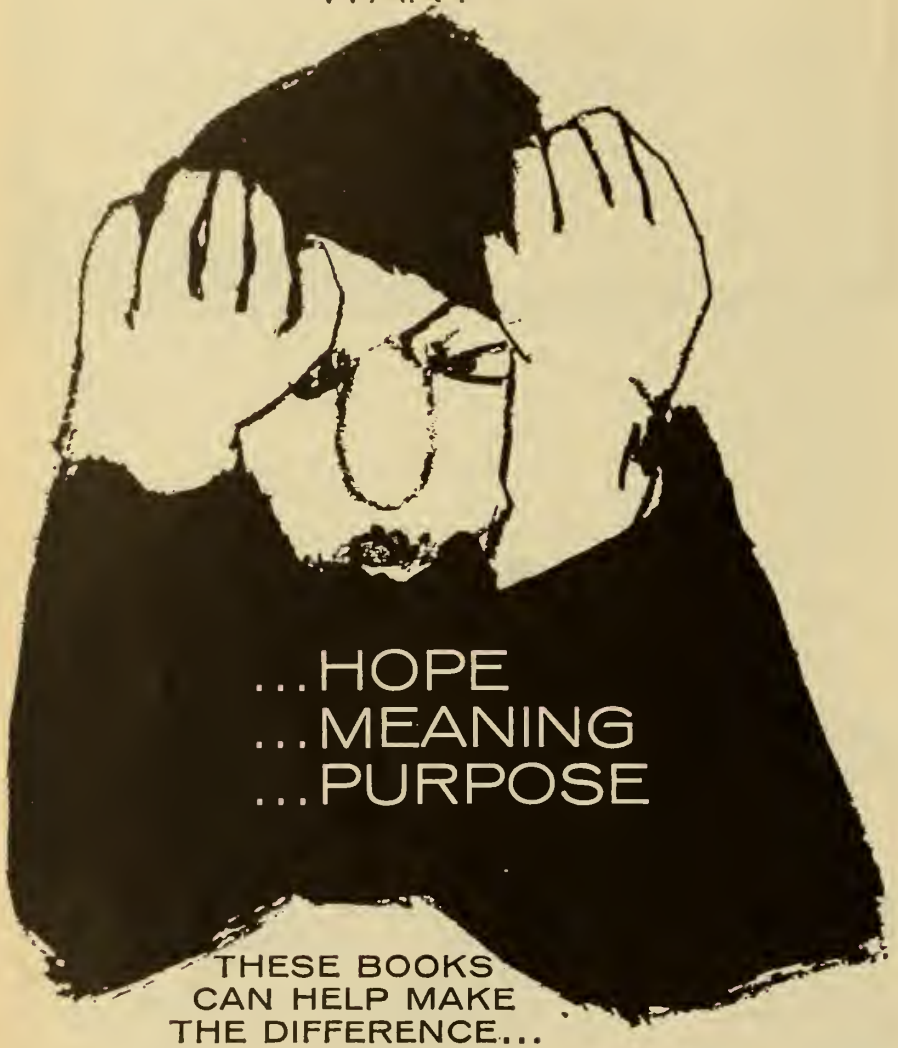

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to the extent that we hold the two in radical tension. Historically we didn't separate them. In the face of our 'ignosticism' and the gaping wounds of our world, dare we do it now?"

The board's young ecumenical evangelist was far from alone in invoking the name of John Wesley. Time and again Dr. Graham and other congress speakers spoke of or quoted Wesley's words describing his Aldersgate experience of personal conversion which led to the Wesleyan revival in 17th-century England and to the heritage of which United Methodism is so great a part.

Obstacles Back Home

Congress participants, back in their churches or denominations, will run into the kinds of status quo hesitation that Mr. Chafin mentioned ("What's going to happen to me in all this change?"), or into the kinds of prejudice that Mr. Abernathy cited ("Our hopes are being met by the fears and anxieties of the majority."). They may also recall that during their Minneapolis sessions they failed to note or send Christian greetings to the National Council of Churches' General Board, which was meeting during parts of the same days in Indianapolis, Ind., and was wrestling with some problems of its own in this "day of revolution." Nor did the congress indicate its awareness of Jewish High Holy Days commencing while the congress convened.

Certain oversights could be forgiven. They were slight and surely unintentional. The better measure of this historic first U.S. Congress on Evangelism will be in how many blacks, browns, and people of other colors, how many women and youth —all largely absent or silent at Minneapolis—can be won to the cause of evangelism as it attempts, in the words of the official summary, "to send spiritual awakening to our land and to the world."

—John A. Lovelace

NEWS

The road ta drugs may be a dead end. At least that is what these signs in Portland, Oreg., seem to imply. The billboard, part af a sign company's public service campaign, features a cross and reads: "Laura, 8/12/50 ta 3/15/69. Narcatics took her life."

Many Routes to Reconciliation

With its Fund for Reconciliotion, United Methodism hos on officiol "price tog" of $20 million on reconciliotion for the 1968-72 quodrennium.

But just how brood United Methodist interest ond involvement in reconciliotion is seen in recent events from severol ogencies. These include:

Commissian an Religian and Race: Meeting in Son Antonio, Texos, the commission heord United Methodism's Rio Gronde Conference colled "the most vigorous Sponish-speoking Protestont group in the U.S." by Presbyterion Dr. Jorge Loro-Broud, executive director of the Hispanic-Americon Institute in Austin, Texos.

Other speokers told the commission thot the church, in its preoccupotion with block-white relotions, must not forget the plight of the notion's second lorgest minority, the Sponish-speoking.

"We've hod o bellyful," declored Mike Bustomonte, director of the Mexicon-Americon Neighborhood Orgonizotion which recently wos gronted $120,000 from the Fund for Reconciliotion ofter requesting $500,000. "You've destroyed us with your Christion love—when you hove given us whot you no longer wonted, you hove token owoy our dignity ond denied us o dreom." Mr. Bustomonte ond others loter colled for the church to fund priority projects "thot con do on effective job in some oreos rother thon spreoding themselves too thin."

The commission voted to employ o Sponish-speoking stoff member ond to develop o stotement of concern regording economic development of nonblock minorities. It olso outhorized o tosk force to study the Block Economic Development Conference to leorn more of its plons ond to invite o BEDC representotive to the commission's meeting Februory 8-10 in Birminghom, Alobomo.

The religion ond roce group olso heord its executive director, the Rev. Woodie W. White, ossert thot "block ond brown men with little potience ond white men with lots of potience ore sitting ond trying to determine whot the church should be." The commission olso heord its choirmon, Bishop W. Kenneth Goodson of Birminghom, Alo., soy thot "the segregoted mind is of even greoter concern now thon the divided structure."

Baard af the Laity: Bosed in Evonston, Ill., this boord voted to offiliote with ond contribute to notionol Project Equolity. There is no Chicogo or Illinois chopter of the foir-employment program.

Church-extensian agencies: Three ogencies opproved o record $4.2 million in one sitting in loons ond gronts, primorily for locol church-building progroms. Included were $75,000 to o Boston church to help set up o rehobilitotion center for youth ossigned by courts; $45,000 loon-donotion to Cook Christion Troining School for Indions, in Tempe, Ariz., for odditionol focilities; $2,000 donotion to on Africon Methodist Episcopol Zion church in Seottle, Wosh., for pointing ond roofing; ond o $115,000 loon to o Joponese United Methodist congregation in Socromento, Colif., for o new building.

Baard af Evangelism: Stoff members of this Noshville-bosed boord voted to urge the boord to regord the need for communicotion between block ond other minorities ond the white community ond octian for rociol justice os top priorities. The stoff olso osked United Methodists to refroin from sole, purchose, or consumption of toble gropes os support for Mexicon-Americon grope pickers ond odopted o resolution on open housing in Noshville.

Baard of Missians: Twenty-seven young men ond women begon U.S.-2 (two-yeor) ossignments this foll with the Notionol Division. Assignments in reconciliotion ond sociol-justice projects were high on the list.

United Methadists far Church Renewal: This unofficiol group called for all United Methodist locol churches ond notionol boords to give one tenth of their property volues, investments, ond funds for economic development of the poor. UMCR olso onnounced it will seek $3 million from denominotionol funds to be divided equolly omong Block Methodists for Church Renewol, the Block Economic Development Conference, and the Interreligious Foundotion for Community

Organization. UMCR also plans five jurisdictional conferences in January on issues likely to come before the 1970 General Conference special session.

TRIENNIAL ASSEMBLY TO WEIGH NCC FUTURE

In anticipation of the General Assembly of the National Council of Churches in Detroit, November 30-December 4, the NCC General Board in September approved recommendations to the triennial meeting.

Among the General Board's most vigorously debated actions was a response to the Black Manifesto which called for denominations to raise $500,000 in new money for use by the National Committee of Black Churchmen and the Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization. Attempts to restrict the appropriation of such funds were beaten back in a tense afternoon session which affirmed, in effect, self-determination and black control as methods to be utilized by blacks, supported financially by whites, in seeking economic development.

No funds were voted for the Black Economic Development Conference associated with James Forman. BEDC, however, was recognized as "a programmatic expression" of black churchmen's aspirations.

The General Board asked that a plan be presented to the General Assembly which would set up a corporation to handle the economic advancement of minority groups. It also called upon the United States government to expand immediately its aid to the hungry.

In private conversations at the meeting, numbers of church leaders expressed apprehension concerning the future of the NCC because of increasing extraconciliar forms of interchurch co-operation, general disenchantment with overcentralized, establishment-type operations, opposition to some controversial NCC activities, and decreasing financial support. The council's lowest budget in five years—$21.5 million—was proposed for 1970. General Secretary R. H. Edwin Espy called the NCC economic situation "the most critical it has ever faced."

Pointing to the coming General Assembly, the General Board accepted a document called *Goals for Missions in the Seventies* for consideration in planning goals and strategies for the church during the next decade. In the Detroit meeting nearly 800 voting delegates representing 33 member communions of America will form 40 working groups which will develop recommendations for the future mission of the church.

Also on the agenda is the election of an NCC president to succeed Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, a United Methodist layman and president of Macalester College, the naming of a new policy-making General Board, and the election of a new General Assembly for 1970-73.

—Curtis A. Chambers

PROPERTY RIGHTS TRUST CLAUSE UPHELD

Local churches do not have the right to retain property if they leave The United Methodist Church.

The Alabama Supreme Court recently upheld the trust clause which defines the denomination's property rights. In a unanimous decision it declared the state's Dumas Act unconstitutional and reversed a 1966 Circuit Court decision which had declared the act valid. The Dumas Act permitted a displeased congregation to leave the parent denomination and retain its property if 65 percent of the local members voted for the action.

The trust clause was challenged most recently when a United Methodist congregation in Union Springs, Ala., sought to withdraw from the denomination and retain the local church property in a dispute over racial integration.

The trust clause provides that

Honors for Architect of Union

Oft-honored Charles C. Parlin, one principal architect of the Plan of Union which created The United Methodist Church, is due still further recognition at the 1970 General Conference special session.

A dinner Wednesday, April 22, will mark Charles Parlin Night during General Conference sessions in St. Louis, Mo. Such an honor was voted by the 1968 General Conference in Dallas, Texas.

Dr. Charles C. Parlin (left) receives The Upper Room *Citation from Dr. Wilson O. Weldon, editor of the world-circulated devotional guide.*

Dr. J. Otis Young, chairman of Parlin Night arrangements, said the dinner will be open to General Conference delegates, visitors, and St. Louis area citizens. He said the entire Council of Bishops and other leaders in the union of the former Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches will take part in the program.

Most recent honor given Dr. Parlin was *The Upper Room* Citation presented at the interdenominational devotional guide's recent 21st citation dinner.

Dr. Parlin is a former World Council of Churches president and is vice-president of the World Methodist Council. He is a senior partner in a New York City law firm, has been a lay delegate to nine successive General Conferences, and was executive secretary of the Methodist Committee on Church Union which worked with an EUB counterpart group in drafting the Plan of Union.

CENTURY CLUB

Six women and one man join our TOGETHER Century Club this month. The centenarians are:

Mrs. Bertha A. Berreira, 100, Worcester, Mass.

Laura Goddard McGinley, 100, Tazewell, Tenn.

Dr. W. N. Mullins, 100, Clarksville, Texas.

Mrs. Ludie Schmidt, 100, Watonga, Okla.

Ella Thatcher, 100, Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Helen Van Werden, 100, Keokuk, Iowa.

Mrs. Phoebe Williams, 100, Albertson, N.Y.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where a member, and its location.

premises of the congregation "shall be used, kept and maintained as a place of divine worship of the United Methodist ministry and members of The United Methodist Church."

This does not mean that a congregation cannot withdraw. It means it cannot leave the denomination and keep the property. Some dissident Methodist groups have purchased their buildings from the denomination.

FIVE CHURCHES JOIN WORLD METHODIST COUNCIL

Expansion hit the World Methodist Council in two ways recently.

Named first full-time secretary at the council's Geneva, Switzerland, offices effective November 1 was Dr. Ole E. Borgen. The American-educated (Duke, Drew Universities) Norwegian has been administrative assistant to Bishop Odd Hagen of The United Methodist Church's Northern Europe Area. He succeeds retired Bishop Paul N. Garber, who had served as acting secretary since last December. Dr. Lee Tuttle continues as the council's general secretary at Lake Junaluska, N.C.

The council's Executive Committee also voted five churches into membership—Methodist bodies in Belgium, Chile, Cuba, Indonesia-Malaysia, and Singapore. This brings council participating churches to 33 with a constituency of nearly 50 million persons and work in some 90 countries.

The Executive Committee also adopted a statement on race relations deploring "segregation, apartheid, or any form of racial discrimination or violence." The statement lamented the fact that "there are, unfortunately, some who still believe and preach the false doctrine of white superiority and black inferiority."

DECISION NOT DEFINITE ON MEN'S CONVOCATION

Contrary to a news report in the October *Together*, no definite decision has been made on whether to hold a national convocation of United Methodist Men in 1973, according to Sidney R. Nichols, associate general secretary of the denomination's Board of the Laity.

He said the board, as it meets during the next year, will discuss purposes, advantages, and disadvantages of such national and regional meetings and then decide whether to proceed.

Mr. Nichols said the board has reserved Purdue University facilities for dates in the summer of 1973 but that the reservations can be cancelled if the board decides not to recommend a convocation.

He added that more than 400 questionnaires have been returned from the 4,600 men who attended mid-July sessions at Purdue, with a large number of men saying they want another national convocation.

Balloons, guitors, songs, ond a bilinguol "celebrotion of life ond deoth" marked memorial services ot Chicogo's Armitoge Avenue United Methodist Church in eorly October for the Rev. ond Mrs. Bruce Johnson, stobbed to deoth in their porsonoge. The postor, 30, worked closely with the Young Lords, o gang of youths of primorily Puerto Rican background. Police had meoger clues on the killing. The couple's sons, twins, 4, ond o 16-month-old, were unhormed.

CONTROVERSY PLAGUES CAMILLE RELIEF EFFORTS

Government relief efforts for Hurricane Camille victims have been plagued by controversy.

According to a report released by the 22 agencies making up the Combined Community Organization Disaster Committee (CCODC), blacks and the poor are being left out of rehabilitation plans by government agencies.

The document charged that segregation was practiced in providing temporary shelter for families immediately following the hurricane.

Further, an insufficient number of house trailers from a reported 5,000 to be provided by the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development were ordered, the report said.

A general lack of co-ordination in the efforts of government and voluntary agencies was charged.

Conditions at Camp Shelby, where many Camille refugees were taken, were called "intolerable." The camp was described as having a "prisoner of war type atmosphere" where the Red Cross and Third Army refused "to encourage community organization so that residents could start doing things for themselves."

United Methodists were asked to share in a denominational emergency fund appeal to cover losses to denominational property estimated at more than $1.5 million.

The church's Council of Bishops issued the call for the "Bishop's

Emergency Appeal" and suggested Sunday, September 7, as the offering date. Through September, nearly a quarter of a million dollars was reported collected. Arrangements were made to give local churches General Advance Special credit for contributions to the fund.

STUDENT MINISTRY PIONEER BISHOP DIES

The founder of the Wesley Foundation movement on college campuses, retired Bishop James Chamberlain Baker, 90, died recently in Pomona, Calif.

A native of Illinois, he was graduated from Illinois Wesleyan University and Boston University School of Theology. In 1907 he became minister of Trinity Methodist Church in Urbana, Ill. His ministry to students from nearby University of Illinois set the pattern under which the Wesley Foundation movement was born.

Elected to the episcopacy in 1928, he first headed the Seoul Area (Korea, Japan, and Manchuria). In 1932 the bishop was assigned to the San Francisco Area (Hawaii, Japan, Korea, and California), and from 1939 to 1948 headed the California Area. In 1948 he was assigned to the new Los Angeles Area from which he retired in 1952.

He was world chairman of the International Missionary Council in 1942, a consultant to the founding conference of the United Nations in San Francisco in 1944, and was one of four men sent by the Protestant churches of America to Japan during the occupation in 1945. He also was a member of the committee that organized the World Council of Churches in 1948.

The Wesley Foundation became a model for student ministries of many faiths at tax-supported institutions of higher learning throughout the world.

Calvin Hill mixes football and theology, and he's in the big time in both. As a running back for the Dallas Cowboys, at early season he was a strong contender for Rookie of the Year honors in the National Football League. He is also studying for the ministry at Perkins School of Theology on the Southern Methodist University campus. The All-American from Yale is shown at left using weights to build up his leg muscles during a Cowboys' training session and at right pausing briefly before Perkins Chapel en route to classes at the Dallas, Texas, school.

UNITED METHODISTS IN THE NEWS

Dr. **Jack A. L. Hahn**, executive director of Methodist Hospital of Indiana, Inc., Indianapolis, has been named president-elect-designate of the American Hospital Association. Dr. Hahn is treasurer of the United Methodist Board of Health and Welfare Ministries.

John P. Taylor, internationally known in photography, has been honored by receiving two film awards and having 200 of his photographs displayed at the Netherlands Film Festival.

Dr. **D. Dillon Holt**, president for the past 10 years of Scarritt College in Nashville, Tenn., will retire July 1, 1970.

Trini Garza, active in United Methodism's Rio Grande Conference, is believed to be the first Mexican-American to serve on the Dallas school board. Chosen by the board members to fill a vacancy, he plans to seek popular election to the post in April, 1970.

Dr. **Lee Tae Yung**, a leading jurist and educator, has been named "Mother of the Year" for 1969 in Korea. She was designated for the honor by Saessak-hoe, a children's literary and welfare organization.

Frank W. Sharp has become the fourth American and first Protestant to be named a "founder" of the 435-year-old Jesuit order.

The Rev. **Glenn S. Gothard**, consultant on building and equipment for the Board of Education's Division of the Local Church, has been named general chairman for the 31st National Conference on Religious Architecture in 1970.

The **Rev. and Mrs. Everett W. Thompson**, missionaries to Japan for 30 years, who have spent two years of wartime ministry to refugees in Viet Nam, have been honored by the Japanese government for their "distinguished service to the Japanese people." Both missionaries have been decorated with the Imperial Order of the Sacred Treasurer, one of Japan's highest awards.

Two United Methodist clergymen, classmates at the Army Chaplain School just over two years ago, are recovering from wounds suffered in Viet Nam. Chaplain **J. Paul Carter** lost parts of both legs and is being treated at Fort Sam Houston in Texas. Chaplain **Corbin Cherry** lost part of one leg and is at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C.

DEATH: **Roy A. Black**, prominent North Mississippi layman, four times a member of the Southeastern Jurisdictional Conference, one-time chairman of the jurisdictional council, and three times a delegate to the General Conference, on September 11, 1969.

MORATORIUM REQUESTED ON 1970-72 MEETINGS

United Methodism's chief co-ordinating unit, the Program Council, has asked for a moratorium on national conferences, convocations, and major consultations sponsored directly or indirectly by the denomination through 1972.

General Secretary Paul V. Church said, "The cost in time, travel, and arrangements is very high for these meetings with results that are sometimes questionable."

The Program Council defined the type of gatherings it would like to see banned as "broad enlistment, assembly-type meetings involving a significant number of people."

The council will petition the special session General Conference in 1970 to declare the moratorium between May 1, 1970, and December 31, 1972. Though the action would not apply to meetings already scheduled, the Program Council asked all boards, agencies, and other groups to reassess these meetings and to report results of those evaluations by next June.

A council spokesman said that by the end of 1969—mid mark of the 1968-72 quadrennium—19 national meetings will have been held by United Methodists.

The Program Council also will ask the 1970 General Conference for legislation to require boards, agencies, and related groups to clear their plans for national meetings through the Program Council. Dr. Church said the council's action to tighten up on the number of meetings was a result of "growing pressure" in the denomination.

The Program Council selected five issues to receive maximum attention and co-ordination by boards and agencies during 1971: meaning, value, and life style; white racism and black revolution; world peace and wars; population explosion and hunger; and patterns of economic exploitation.

Council members heard Council of Bishops President Reuben H. Mueller say the local church should be the norm for all programs.

"We must bring the local Christian community to the forefront," the Indiana Area leader said. "It's the place where the Christian faith is really practiced among people.

"Our denomination has grown up to overshadow the local church and to paralyze it to inactivity. No local church can ever do all those things boards and agencies and their staffs think up for it to do," Bishop Mueller declared.

GOODWILL INDUSTRIES

Now 'Handicapped' Is More

THERE'S a new emphasis for Goodwill Industries, the Methodist-originated agency to hire and train the handicapped.

The difference is in a broader definition of "the handicapped." The physically handicapped, those traditionally served by the 185 local Goodwill plants, are still in the majority. But the socially handicapped—specifically including the former convict, the alcoholic, the drug addict—are increasingly being rehabilitated along with the brain damaged, the mentally retarded, and the deaf.

Latest in the countinuing series of United Methodist grants to the national Goodwill Industries program was $100,000 given during the national body's annual delegate assembly this year in St. Paul, Minn. Of that money from the Board of Missions' National Division, $35,000 is a regular appropriation; the other $65,000 is a special grant to train professional Goodwill personnel.

Goodwill Industries dates from 1902 when Boston Methodist minister Edgar James Helms asked his city's affluent residents for used clothing and household goods to give to the poor of his congregation. Later he realized that something—since summed up in the slogan, "Not charity, but a chance"—was missing. The basic Goodwill operation today derives from Mr. Helms's revamped program. His specific beginnings continue as Morgan Memorial Goodwill Industries in Boston.

Mr. Helms's program was taken over as a Department of Goodwill Industries in the former Methodist Episcopal Church's Board of Home Missions. Methodist money subsequently helped start many Goodwill Industries centers, and at one time most of the executives were Methodist ministers.

A number of Goodwill-United Methodist contacts remain. In addition to annual grants (about $50,000 of the most recent $100,000 was from the former Evangelical United Brethren Church), national Goodwill bylaws call for directorships by specified United Methodist missions leaders, and Goodwill Industries' national executive vice-president is on the staff of the National Division of the United Methodist Board of Missions.

Goodwill Industries of America, Inc., with headquarters in Washington, D.C., operates on a budget of nearly a million dollars annually. But when income of all local outlets is added, the total is an estimated $100 million.

No local Goodwill Industry is known to be self-supporting, meaning supported solely from money it takes in from sale of material or other services. Many are members of local United Funds. Squeezing some local operations is the trend in the application of minimum wage laws and the increasing tendency to tax charitable agencies which previously were tax exempt.

Countering the financial squeeze are such measures as the national office's computer center, where data to help develop techniques and programs for the disadvantaged is stored, and creation in Washington of a standard computerized accounting system for the entire Goodwill network.

Goodwill is not, as many think, a place of perpetual employment for handicapped persons. Rather, it seeks disabled individuals, evaluates, then trains them and helps to get them on payrolls in the competitive labor market. Its output of about 85,000 workers a year is almost sure to rise with the new emphasis on the "handicapped individual," whether his background be marked by a troubled medical history or prison record.

—John A. Lovelace

WANTED: The Real Music of Christmas

By L. DAVID HARRIS

CHRISTMAS CAROLS are being battered about these days and no one seems to care that they no longer convey the true spirit of Christmas.

Time was when a cozy, joyful, warm feeling of Christmas could be stoked in the heart of even the most hardened Scrooge by a simple rendition of *Silent Night* or *Joy to the World*. But the simplicity of those beautiful carols has been replaced by brassy, lush instrumental orchestrations. What once was a mother's whispered lullaby now is given full stereophonic treatment by the world's major symphonies.

Worse, the richness of the carols has been cheapened by pop singers who croon or jazz them up. The same stylist who sings "Love me in the hallway, love me in the lounge," on one radio station is heard on another piously intoning, "O Ho-o-oly Ni-i-ight . . ."

In the churches, unfortunately, choral pageants and cantatas have proliferated. At the risk of alienating every choir member, director, and organist, let me suggest that for many churchgoers, a cantata is less than an adequate Christmas experience. Too many are merely rewritten Christmas carols. Sung well, some can be very pleasant. But what listener remembers the words or thoughts, or leaves the performance humming one of the melodies? Virtually no one—except the faithful choir member who has rehearsed for endless weeks.

Some Christmas choirs can make Bach's chords sound like heaven itself and Benjamin Britten's *Deo Gracias* literally run up and down your spine. Yet they often turn me off. The average pew-sitter who can barely carry a tune but loves to sing is not found in these choirs. Most Christmas choral music is too difficult for him and he isn't really wanted. Yet biblical theology implies that even the music in a worship service should be an offering. I like my Bach, but I have difficulty enjoying it in church when I know persons have been paid to sing it.

Worse, however, are all those sentimental Christmas tunes and the commercial Santa stuff. Perhaps this music more accurately reflects the holiday spirit of 1969 than we realize. But somehow, a Santa-baby who must hurry down the chimney to Eartha Kitt, or a jolly, old St. Nicholas who gives out toys and goodies to our fat, spoiled kids seems quite un-Christmasy when one realizes that millions of children desperately need food and clothing.

We need Christmas music which is concerned with relating the hills of Bethlehem to the contemporary ghettos and battlefields of the world. It should recognize the problems of today's world and apply the Christian spirit of love to the problems of poverty, inequality, injustice, and contemporary man's anxiety in facing an age with the potential of nuclear annihilation, competition on his job, and turmoil in his home.

Now more than ever before, we need a message of hope and comfort—and it could be expressed through music. Until such music is written, we can make better use of the music we have. Give the traditional carols back their dignity. Let the sleek, finely robed, near-professional choirs relax and encourage those with ordinary voices to participate. There is more musical beauty and worship in five minutes of candlelight and softly sung *Coventry Carol* than in two hours of well-rehearsed cantatas and pageants.

Finally, churches should realize that perhaps today's Christmas observances are better expressed through deeds and a reevaluation of the season's meaning than by their traditional programs, pageants, and musical performances. Dressing up the kids like shepherds and wise men is not always the best way to convey the Christmas message. It can be better expressed in so many other ways. Churches can conduct ecumenical services together to stress charity and love in overcoming their divisions. Both Negro and white churches could work on reconciling the racial feelings of mistrust.

Churches might well take the money spent on robes and props for nativity scenes and provide clothing for the poor. Money that goes to buy Christmas music and decorations might instead be given to the Fund for Reconciliation, the Salvation Army, the Volunteers of America, the Red Cross in Biafra, or local antipoverty efforts.

Churches and individuals could swamp greeting card companies with demands that Christmas cards be less bland, more meaningful—and more representative of the realities of modern society. Their cards, indeed, promote a "white Christmas"—a person of another skin color seldom appears on them.

Local communities could help, too. In the suburbs, there are Christmas parties for youngsters who already have closets full of toys. Gifts for ghetto children could be collected. With contributions, shoes, toys, and clothing could be provided for those who have so little.

Some will complain. They will prefer to keep their stereophonic Christmas carols, their own children in super-plenty, and church programs which are overly sentimental and insensitive to human need.

But Bethlehem seems to call for more this year—sacrifices from those who have for those who have not. Perhaps then, the traditional carols will sound good again. □

Condensed and reprinted by permission of The Evening News, Harrisburg, Pa.—Your Editors

A TIBETAN LIFE OF CHRIST

In a shop in the northern India hill station of Mussoorie, United Methodist missionary Naomi Wray came upon 24 colorful scrolls depicting incidents in the life of Christ. Their style surprised her—it was Tibetan, not Indian. Their painter, she learned, was old Mr. Jamyong, who lives with other Tibetan refugees in Happy Valley, near Mussoorie, in sight of the towering Himalayas over which they made their dangerous way when the Chinese took over Tibet. Mrs. Wray thinks Mr. Jamyong may not be a Christian. But his reverence for our Lord is evident in these scrolls. And along with the vivid colors and the stylized drawing that speak of Tibetan art, they show influence of Western Christmas cards and illustrated Bible stories.

Adoration of the Wise Men . . . Matthew 2:9-12
Not three kings but a tax collector and a governor kneel before the baby Jesus. They, like Joseph and Mary and the heavenly figures watching over the Christ child, wear Tibetan dress.

The Baptism of Jesus . . . Luke 3:21-23
Strangely, because Tibetans commonly wear fur for warmth, John the Baptist wears a robe rather than skins associated with him. But he carries a staff shaped like an elongated cross.

he Marriage at Cana . . . John 2:1-11
he guests at the wedding at which Jesus
rned water into wine represent a cross section
Tibetan society. Asian artists often show both
terior and exterior views as seen here.

The Woman at the Well . . . John 4:8-10
Jesus' gesture of blessing also means "do not fear"
in Hindu iconography, and he sits on a platform as in
an Indian scene. The six sided shape of the well
is considered lucky by Tibetan people

The Great Haul of Fishes . . . Luke 5:6
Jesus teaches in one boat while fishermen in the other labor to haul in heavy nets where there were no fish before. As in all Jamyong scrolls, Christ is larger than others around him.

Jesus Washes Peter's Feet . . . John 13:5-9
In the upper room, here the roof of a house, Jesus washes the feet of his disciple. Peter is drawn as a venerable old man. All the disciples are clad in various kinds of Tibetan dress.

Good News for Modern Man:

The Kitchen-Table Testament

By WEBB GARRISON

BEFORE taking off on his epochal voyage to the moon, astronaut Edwin Aldrin, Jr., distributed copies of a book to members of the congregation where he and his family worship. An elder in the United Presbyterian Church of Webster, Texas, Colonel Aldrin's gift was an inexpensive paperback New Testament.

For a behind-the-scenes glimpse at factors which helped to produce that book, one might have eavesdropped on a series of kitchen-table conversations in the home of Dr. Robert G. Bratcher, a research consultant in the translations department of the American Bible Society. The conversations took place a few years ago while Dr. Bratcher was striving to render the Greek New Testament into accurate language geared to today's pace. Several nights each week he brought home a section of 300 to 400 words, had someone in his family read it aloud, and then invited comments.

One night he came home to report, "I finished translating the story of a miracle today. It's only seven verses long—much shorter than some sections we've read earlier. But I want to know whether you understand it and what you think about it."

Dr. Bratcher opened his briefcase and extracted a longhand manuscript tentatively titled, *Jesus Heals Blind Bartimaeus*. Gesturing and sometimes pausing for a reassuring nod, he read his translation of Mark 10:46-52. Then he waited for comments.

"It's a good story," admitted 11-year-old Steve.

Daughter Merry, 16, looked up from the worn copy of the King James Version that she sometimes checked against her father's work. "I've never really understood some of the things here," she said. "If a friend told me, 'He cried the more a great deal,' I wouldn't know what to think. But I understand, 'He shouted even more loudly.' "

"That's right," chimed in 13-year-old Priscilla. "I like the way you make me feel that Jesus is talking to me."

She hesitated a moment, then turned to her father. "I like the story of the miracle. But I had trouble understanding one sentence—the long one near the middle. It might be easier if you made two sentences out of it."

Mrs. Bratcher chuckled and handed her husband a pen. He could mark the troublesome sentence now, work on it in his study the next day, and decide whether or not to modify it.

Many nights during 1962-63 portions of the New Testament designed to communicate God's Word to persons with limited academic background were test-read within this family circle. Family participation continued off and on for more than two years. Before the work was completed, Meredith Lynn ("Merry") graduated from high school and

An Interchurch Feature prepared for *Together, Presbyterian Life,* and *The Lutheran.*

Annie Vallotton, from *Good News for Modern Man*

"Suddenly a great army of heaven's angels appeared with the angel, singing praises to God."—Luke 2:13

entered college. Priscilla and Steve continued to play the role of listener-critic whenever possible.

Substituting a word here and altering a phrase there, Dr. Bratcher submitted his finished manuscript—section by section—to a committee of 20 distinguished scholars. They went over it word by word, eventually suggesting a number of revisions. But when completed and ready for publication, Today's English Version of the New Testament (TEV) was printed substantially as translated by Dr. Bratcher.

His hardest job, he says in retrospect, was to approach the story from the viewpoint of a person without theological training. Faculty members at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky., where he studied for his master and doctor of theology degrees, would have been hard put to select a less likely candidate for the task of using only common words and short sentences. For at Louisville, Bob Bratcher's doctoral thesis was *A Historical and Exegetical Study of Hades, Gehenna, and Tartarus.*

TEV was published by the American Bible Society in September, 1966, under the title *Good News for Modern Man,* in connection with celebration of the 150th anniversary of the society's founding. Bound in paper and priced at 25¢, it was primarily intended for use by persons for whom English is a second language and by English-speaking persons who cannot or will not read anything that looks or sounds scholarly.

Officials of the Bible Society saw *Good News for Modern Man* as an important tool for spreading Jesus' message—but one that would be used by a limited constituency. So the first printing, small by comparison with big-name paperback novels, was an edition of only 150,000 copies.

Drawings especially prepared to illustrate the Testament were made by Mlle. Annie Vallotton, a Swiss artist living in Paris. Taking her cue from the goal of universal intelligibility, Mlle. Vallotton tried to execute line drawings that convey messages effectively but are not associated with particular cultural patterns.

Having no youngsters of her own on whom to test her results, she often sought out children to ask their reactions. Sometimes she discarded 25 or 30 sketches before achieving an effect that satisfied her. In the end, more than 200 drawings were included in the volume.

No other Testament ever produced looked—or read—like *Good News.* Veteran churchmen who thumbed through it for the first time were likely to ask members of their families to play a guessing game of trying to identify passages linked with particular drawings. Many persons with little or no formal religious background reacted by saying: "This is great! Now I can understand it!"

Ministers, attracted by the novel format and the give-away price, began ordering it in quantity. Members of their congregations thought nothing of dropping 25¢ in the plate for a Testament—and bought copies freely. Once they had spent an hour or two with their purchase, many called church offices to request more copies. This snowball process operated in many communities. Frequently an initial order for 100 copies led to repeat orders for 300, or 500, or more.

To the surprise of practically everyone who helped to plan it, the volume designed for easy reading made a hit with college professors, professional workers, and others with above-average educational backgrounds. An agency of the former Methodist Church sent copies to each of 46 Methodist bishops and 575 district superintendents. The Lutheran Church in America distributed copies to key officials in churches and to teachers in colleges and universities.

Sales doubled, redoubled, and then began to multiply in geometrical proportions. Shipping clerks in the big Bible Society warehouse shook their heads in amazement as the first printing seemed simply to evaporate.

A second printing was ordered, but before production got under way, the quantity was doubled. A few optimists estimated that it might take a million copies to meet public demands during the first year. But before that year was out, more than 5 million copies were in the hands of readers or scheduled for rush-order production.

The low price, readable text, and

eye-catching illustrations combined to make the volume a natural for distribution through unconventional channels. So many were sold in food shops of England that many British called it "The Gospel of the Groceries." Australians dubbed it "The Plain Jane Bible." Some Americans called it "The Swingers' Bible."

Called by whatever name, TEV exploded through the entire English-speaking world. Before it was two years old, the book was recognized as a landmark achievement in translation, illustration, production, and distribution.

Dr. Paul Maddox, a physician practicing near Lexington, Ky., gave a copy to a patient plagued with nervous tension. It helped her so much that he ordered 1,000 copies for use in his practice. Lutheran layman William G. Fischer of Minneapolis, finding it hard to put his copy down, concluded that men in uniform should have it too. He contributed $5,000 toward a special printing for men in the armed forces. Dr. George Beto of Huntsville, Texas, has found it "just right" for use with prisoners, and at the Georgia State Mental Hospital in Milledgeville, Chaplain James L. Travis has seen marked improvement in some patients who have read it.

James Z. Nettinga heads the Bible Society's program of national distribution. His New York office is festooned with hand-lettered charts. One of them, "Paperback Best Sellers, 1968," lists such volumes as *Rosemary's Baby, The Arrangement, The Exhibitionist, Myra Breckenridge, Topaz, Christy, Confessions of Nat Turner* . . . and *Good News.*

"On a one-year basis a few of these topped TEV," Dr. Nettinga admitted in a recent interview. "But if you watch the paperback best sellers, you'll notice that most novels have a very short life. They sell like hot cakes for a few months, and then you can't give them away.

"The TEV is different," he explained. "It keeps right on climbing. We had to increase the price to 35¢ in order to reduce our losses, but even that had no impact on sales."

He paused as though anticipating a challenge. Then he grinned and blurted out his private conviction: "Give us a little more time and that Testament in street clothes will hold the record as the best-selling paperback book ever issued. And some persons say Scripture has no appeal to modern man!"

The present world record for a paperback book, Dr. Nettinga explained, is held by Dr. Benjamin Spock's *Baby and Child Care*—issued in 1946. Sales have passed 21 million copies. Before the third anniversary of its publication, TEV was moving toward 17 million.

Part of that total was achieved by widely varied special editions. Christians of many theological views joined forces in Atlanta to distribute a special printing of 300,000 copies. Under auspices of the Lutheran Brotherhood a pocket edition was issued for men in the armed forces. An edition in extra large type, designed for persons with limited vision, was released last May. July saw the appearance of a 250,000-copy edition for use by Roman Catholics, with imprimatur by Richard Cardinal Cushing.

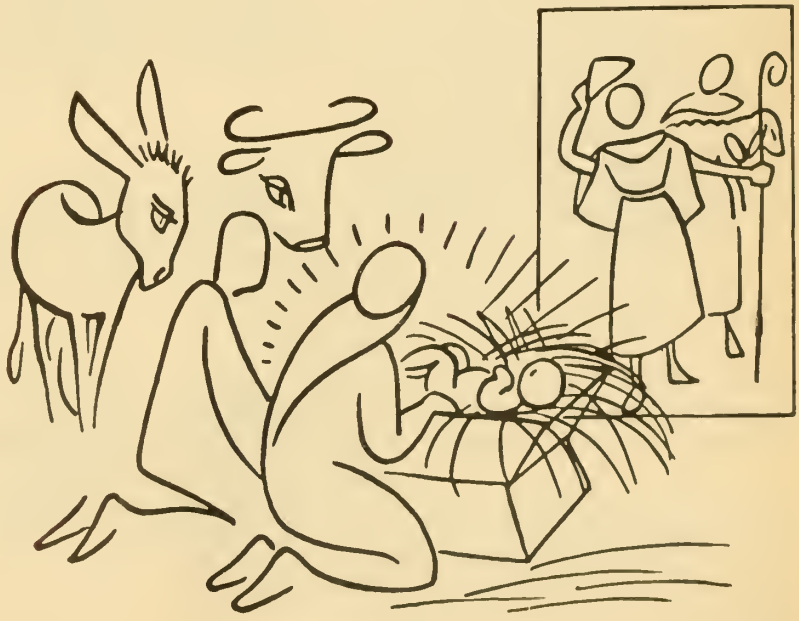
Using inexpensive newsprint instead of better-grade paper, special editions are produced for mass distribution programs. Southern Baptists launched this trend with an order for 1,250,000 copies.

The spectacular success of *Good News for Modern Man* can be explained only as a result of spontaneous public response. It filled a vacuum, met a need that its publishers did not dream exists on so broad a scale. More eloquently than any doctoral dissertation, TEV sales figures proclaim that Americans of the space age will cheerfully and eagerly use Holy Writ—if it speaks their language. And there are thousands of congregations and classes plus millions of individuals who still have not discovered *Good News.*

Assigned the task of writing a theme on changes in the English language, a high-school junior chose to compare the King James Version with *Good News.* He made an *A* on his paper—but in the process of writing it he became so interested in the New Testament that, for the first time in his life, he read it through in a few days.

A Midwestern banker reports: "Our institution has spent quite a lot of money placing deluxe editions of inspirational volumes in hospitals and nursing homes. Suddenly we discovered that a 35¢ edition of the New Testament that doesn't look imposing is more likely to be read than the expensive books we've bought in the past."

A woman of 75 recalls: "My husband was close to death. He knew it and I knew it. We both turned to the Bible, but we got nowhere. Then



Annie Vallotton, from *Good News for Modern Man*

"So they hurried off and found Mary and Joseph, and saw the baby lying in the manger."—Luke 2:16

the receptionist at the hospital gave us her own copy of *Good News for Modern Man*. Somehow, the combination of sketches and Scripture in everyday language broke the barrier. Both of us found peace and strength."

It took Dr. Spock's book more than 20 years to pass 20 million copies. Early in its fourth year, TEV is moving into position to make a strong bid for first place among paperbacks.

Sometime after TEV reaches the top of the best-seller list (an event that will cause those in the know to quip that "Jesus has finally passed Dr. Spock"), Robert Bratcher hopes to finish an equally vibrant translation of the Old Testament. Because Hebrew has far less kinship with English than does Greek, this job is even harder than that of putting the New Testament into readable, accurate English.

"I wish translation work were more dramatic," he says. "But it is largely a matter of applying the seat of one's pants to a chair and keeping it there for hours on end until a reasonably faithful and understandable translation emerges."

In Dr. Bratcher's conversation and correspondence, tidbits like that emerge spontaneously. Small wonder that the man who produces them has been praised in the highest places.

Good News for Modern Man, says *The New York Times*, is "the most readable of existing translations." Great numbers of persons are reading it with excitement, demonstrating that as a guidebook for life, Scripture is a long way from losing its vitality.

The title alone says volumes. Nobody can be a calamity howler if he will take small daily doses of *Good News for Modern Man*. □

Bible Quotes Compared

A NEW TRANSLATION of Scripture can bring its readers fresh impressions and sometimes new insights. Differences between two versions usually are small, but they can be significant. The passages below are compared in the language of *Good News for Modern Man* (the New Testament in Today's English Version [TEV]) and the *Revised Standard Version*, which is the authorized edition of 1952 and one of the most readable modern versions.

RSV	TEV
"Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Let the day's trouble be sufficient for the day."	"So do not worry about tomorrow; it will have enough worries of its own. There is no need to add to the troubles each day brings."
Matthew 6:34	
"For the Son of man also came not to be served but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many."	"For even the Son of Man did not come to be served; he came to serve and to give his life to redeem many people."
Mark 10:45	
And they went out and fled from the tomb; for trembling and astonishment had come upon them; and they said nothing to any one, for they were afraid.	So they went out and ran from the grave, because fear and terror were upon them. And they said nothing to anyone because they were afraid.
Mark 16:8	
In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled. This was the first enrollment, when Quirinius was governor of Syria.	At that time Emperor Augustus sent out an order for all the citizens of the Empire to register themselves for the census. When this first census took place, Quirinius was the governor of Syria.
Luke 2:1-2	
In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.	Before the world was created, the Word already existed; he was with God, and he was the same as God.
John 1:1	
For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood.	What we see now is like the dim image in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. What I know now is only partial; then it will be complete, as complete as God's knowledge of me.
1 Corinthians 13:12	

New Victories in an Old War

Wycliffe translator John McIntosh reads a New Testament in Huichol—a Mexican aboriginal language.

By MARTHA A. LANE, Associate Editor

"One young fellow was learning syllables when suddenly he discovered he could pronounce new words alone. With gleaming victory in his eyes, he shouted: 'I can read!' And he did, as elated as Columbus when he first sighted the coast of the New World."—Dr. Laubach

ONE STUMBLING BLOCK to missionary work always has been the inability of the missionary to communicate with the people he seeks to serve. Part of the problem is overcome when missionaries learn to speak the needed foreign languages. But when the people themselves can neither read nor write, mission attempts falter—on two levels.

First, Protestant churches traditionally teach that every believer should have direct access to the Bible. But it does no good to distribute Bibles to persons who cannot read them.

Second, today's missionaries are concerned with much more than teaching the Bible. They realize that the inability of 70 percent of the world's population to read and write also adversely affects family, social, and political and economic development. As Dr. David E. Mason, literacy expert, explains:

"If you feed a man, he will hunger again. If you clothe

him, the clothes will wear out. If you heal him and he returns to his old life, he may become diseased again. But teach a man to read and he can help himself. He can learn how to plant and to grow food. He can learn to earn enough to clothe his family. He can discover the causes of disease and lift his village or neighborhood to health."

So far, so good. But mission programs usually do not allow time, money, or personnel needed to teach reading and writing as it is taught in formal school situations. And people who must spend nearly every waking minute scratching out a living for themselves do not have the time, energy, or desire to become full or even part-time students.

But what about a simple, quick-method course that illiterates could study in the odd minutes they might have free?

James Evans, a Methodist missionary to Canadian Indians, was one of the first men to invent such a system. In the early 1800s, he reduced the Ojibway language to a phonetic alphabet containing eight consonants and four vowels. When he tested his method on the five-year-old son of an Ojibway friend, the boy learned to read and write in both his own tongue and in English in just two weeks. The traditional way would have taken months, and even then the boy probably would have had inadequate knowledge of both languages.

Evans' most important reading method was developed for the Cree tribe, whose language could not be reduced practically to Roman letters. So he developed a series of symbols, each of which could be positioned to represent a number of different sounds or syllables. The method was a success. A number of adult and young Indians mastered the basic techniques in less than a day.

Evans' sign system was easily converted into many Indian languages and was used extensively on both sides of the Canadian border. At least one publication, the Catholic *Sacred Heart Messenger* printed at Lac La Biche Mission in Alberta, still uses Evans' signs for its Cree language.

Ironically, Evans' translations were dismissed by the British Foreign and Bible Society as "not sufficiently limpid" for general use—whatever that meant—and they refused to publish them.

While Evans worked on an Ojibway alphabet in Canada, a Cherokee Indian was working on his own literacy project in the southern United States. Sequoya (after whom the giant California redwoods later would be named) knew that Englishmen could communicate by writing. Could his people, too? For 12 years Sequoya worked, finally reducing his language to 86 symbols. His completed alphabet was so easy to learn that in a few days once-scornful tribesmen could read and write.

Evans' and Sequoya's most famous contemporary doubtlessly is 85-year-old Dr. Frank C. Laubach, "apostle to the illiterates." In 1929, Dr. Laubach was a discouraged Congregationalist missionary to the fierce, betel-nut-chewing Moro trible in the Philippines.

"Illiteracy was their biggest handicap," Dr. Laubach recalls. He eventually conceived a way to reduce their Maranao language (which had never been written down) to writing, and designed a series of charts to teach the tribesman how to read.

Soon he was working with 20 literacy teachers and numbers of volunteer helpers, and the Moros were learning to read at an amazing rate. Then came the 1930s and depression in the United States. Sadly Dr. Laubach told the Moros he would have to call off the literacy campaign for lack of funds.

But a knife-armed Moro chief disagreed. "I'll make everybody who knows how to read teach somebody else —or I'll kill him!"

"That was a new idea in education," Dr. Laubach recalls. The "each one teach one" plan worked with the Moros, though, and has been used ever since by the linguistic genius without, however, the threat of bodily harm.

Laubach Literacy, Inc., which Dr. Laubach founded in 1955, has as its motto "Each One Teach One." Using the same general technique invented in the Philippines, this organization has developed reading programs in 314 languages for adults in 103 countries from Afghanistan to Zanzibar.

Literacy experts comb each language for words that

THE CREE LANGUAGE.

SPECIMENS OF THE SYLLABIC SYSTEM.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

ᑲᑎᐯᓵᐣᑭᐟ ᐅᑕᓬᒥᐊᐠᐧᐣ

ᓄᑕᓰᐣ ᑭᐣᑭᑭᑯˣ ᐁᐊᓴᓵᐣ, ᑭᑕᑭᑘᓵᐣᒋᑲᐣ ᑭᐃᐣᐅᐃᐣ;

ᑭᐣᑌᓰᐃᐧᐃᐣ ᑭᑕᐃᐧᐅᑭᐣᑎᑦᓵᐤ; ᐁᐃᑌᓵᐣᒉᒪ ᑕᐃᐧᐃᑭᐣ ᐅᑕ ᐊᐢᑭˣ ᑲᐃᑭ ᐃᐣᑭˣ ᑭᑯᑯˣ.

ᒥᓵᓰᐣ ᐊᓄᐣ ᑲᑭᑯᐠ ᕽᐧ ᐅᐣᑭ ᐱᒪᑎᑯᓴᐠ.

ᐁᑲᐃᐧᓴ ᐱᑯᑎᑕᐣᐣᑕ ᓂᒪᑎᑐ ᑕᒧᐃᐧᓯᓰᓰᓭ, ᕽ ᐃᑯ ᐁᑲ ᐱᑯᑎᑕ ᓵᐣᑕᒧ ᑲᒪᑎᑐᑕᑯᐃᐧᓴᐠ;

ᒪᒥᔪᓯᓂᓰᐣ ᑭᑎᐁᑲᒪᑎᑐᑕᒋᒪˣ; ᕮᑎᑎᔭᐣᐊᒋᒪᐃᐧᓰᐣ ᑲᒋᔭᑕˣ:

ᑭᔭ ᑭᑐᑌᓵᐃᐧᐃᐣ, ᒥᓬ ᓗᐣᑲᑯᑯᐃᐧᐃᐣ, ᒥᓬ ᑭᣏᓵᐃᐧᐃᐣ, ᑲᑭᕽ, ᒥᓬ ᑲᑭᕽ· ᐁᒣᐠ.

Each symbol stands for a sound or syllable in this system, invented by James Evans, Wesleyan missionary to Indians of the Hudson Bay area, in the early 1800s.

Dr. Laubach (above) teaches Medlpa tribesmen in New Guinea from a chart containing "visual puns," as he calls his picture-letter-sound presentation. Below, a Pakistani boy also learns by the Laubach method. He will practice while watching his cattle.

can be linked by a picture-letter-sound technique and presented in charts. The resulting "visual puns" [see illustration above] employ everyday words, are simple to learn, and are easy to remember.

Beginning reading material presents gospel stories and hymns. But nonspiritual guides to better living also are presented as soon as possible.

"Eighty percent of the illiterates are farmers," Dr. Laubach explains. "Our graded books are packed with scientific discoveries put into simple language. We tell the illiterates: 'Put an iron point on your plow, and go three inches into the soil instead of one inch . . . get the best seeds, and they will bring you three to five times larger crops . . . Put the cow manure and straw back into the soil instead of burning it!' "

When Laubach Literacy personnel conduct a campaign, the results are both immediate and lasting. Often they are dramatic, as when a king of New Guinea's primitive Medlpa tribe asked Dr. Laubach and a group of Lutherans to teach his people to read. Arrival of the plane carrying Dr. Laubach and his 40 trained workers triggered a celebration.

"Six hundred of the big chiefs marched around in the midst of 20,000 tribesmen," Dr. Laubach reported. "These chiefs were the best-dressed men I have ever seen in my life—from the neck up. The bird-of-paradise feathers on their heads were magnificent."

The chiefs carried stone battle-axes, spears, and bow and arrows. Their nearly naked bodies shone with pig grease, and their faces were painted in bright colors.

None of the Medlpa knew English. But one of the tribe's 40,000 members spoke Pidgin English, as did an American missionary. The two of them served as interpreters for the project.

The lessons were taught on an individual level, using the "each one teach one" philosophy. Within a week, a nucleus of tribesmen had learned to read their language, and missionaries prepared follow-up reading material. (One of the biggest problems most literacy programs face is supplying graded material in sufficient quantity and speed. New literates are voracious readers.)

"We will never be the same again. We are getting educated!" the tribe's leader told Dr. Laubach as the project drew to a close. "You have done more for us than anybody else did. We chiefs have just voted that everybody in our tribes should become Christians. All except us chiefs. We understand that your religion allows a man to have but one wife, and all of us have many wives. We cannot think of any Christian way to get rid of them suddenly. But we are going to marry them off as fast as we can. When we have only one wife left, we will be baptized."

In 1946, Dr. Laubach helped found one of the major interdenominational missionary efforts in which The United Methodist Church is involved—the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature of the National Council of Churches, commonly called Lit-Lit for short.

Like Laubach Literacy, the 26-year-old program includes literacy campaigns, leadership training, production of reading primers for adults, and training for writers, editors, publishers, and distributors.

Lit-Lit, a joint effort of 28 mission boards and agencies in the United States and Canada, works in 66 countries. It helps support 32 Christian magazines and newspapers in a score of them.

Lit-Lit initiates projects throughout the world and turns them over to national groups as soon as they are firmly established. Hopefully, nationals then will be able to continue literacy work on their own and gradually reform their country.

That this is possible is most clearly illustrated in recent Iranian history. The campaign leader in this case was the

shah of Iran himself. He gives high-school graduates the choice of becoming village teachers or being drafted for military service. In three years, through his "Army of Knowledge," some 10,000 teachers were trained and assigned teaching positions.

New literates have greatly strengthened that country already, and have proved that money alone cannot solve development problems. A literate labor force is a prerequisite for industrial and economic development.

Another well-established literacy organization is Wycliffe Bible Translators, Inc., whose 1,875 missionaries work with 402 tribes in Australia, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Colombia, Ecuador, Ghana, Guatemala, Honduras, India, Mexico, New Guinea, Nigeria, Peru, the Philippines, the United States, and Viet Nam.

"Wycliffe's basic program is to translate the Bible and to help others translate the Bible for the tribes who haven't yet received it," explains Wycliffe's founder, W. Cameron Townsend, who has been fighting illiteracy for 51 years. But he, too, insists that translators meet as many needs of their people as possible.

"If tips on farming can help stop the fighting and killing that goes on over hunting grounds," he declares, "our workers must do what they can along this line. If the tribesmen need someone to speak for them to altruistic government officials whose distance prevents their knowing the needs of the tribesmen, our translators must serve as messengers to the officials."

The highly trained personnel employed in such literacy programs are faced with countless problems, many of which may be peculiar to a single tribe or country.

One of the most acute problems is the existence of dialects. For example, New Guinea's 2.5 million people (as many as live in Los Angeles) speak an estimated 900 dialects. Such multiplicity is partly due to the mountainous terrain which makes travel difficult, and partly because of intertribal hostility and fighting, which of course discourages everyday contacts.

It would be almost impossible to isolate and put all 900 dialects down on paper, so linguists choose a dialect or a few dialects they can work with best. (This is similar to the way many national languages have developed. In England, for example, what originally was the London dialect won out over the rest; and the French language came from Paris.)

Their choice must be culturally acceptable as well as practical to teach. Years ago in West Africa, a theoretically good dialect was chosen in which to translate the Bible. But the tribe which spoke that dialect was hated and feared so much that surrounding tribes refused to use the dialect. So linguists had to start all over again.

Ethnolinguistic problems have caused other failures at Bible translating. Some linguists devoted much of their lives to translating the Scriptures into colloquial Arabic, only to find that almost no one would read it. Persons who knew how to read Arabic wanted to read it in its correct form. The uneducated, for whom the translation had been intended, were extremely sensitive to anything "written down" to them, so they would not read it either. Since colloquial Arabic is used readily in comics and pornographic literature, the Bible would not have been in very inspiring company, anyway.

Idioms are another translator's headache, since they cannot be translated literally. One Congolese tribe thought that to "heap burning coals upon his head" (as in Romans 12:20) was excellent advice on how to torture an enemy to death. Similarly, we speak of twiddling our thumbs, but in Spanish that would be *rasgarse la barriga*, which is to "scratch one's belly."

The linguist's problems go on and on. Some languages are best taught by syllables, others by letter, and still others by sentences. There are the problems of inflection and double meanings. Some languages use only a dozen basic vowel and/or consonant sounds, while others may use 60 or more.

Missionaries have always been leaders in teaching literacy. Now governments around the world are developing comparable programs as they realize the truths of the late President John F. Kennedy's statement: "Literacy is a precondition to modernization." Many such secular efforts depend on church personnel for leadership in this field.

In 20 years, Laubach Literacy teams helped 56 government directors to develop "Each One Teach One" textbooks. The teams also train government directors and writers. In 1956, Dr. Laubach and an assistant visited 21 countries. These and others had asked for similar help, and had sent more than 20 nationals to this country for training at United Methodist-related Syracuse University in New York, the nation's only school offering a graduate program for literacy journalists. Syracuse trainees first master journalism techniques, then learn to adapt their training to preparing simple reading materials with adult interest.

In spite of increased efforts of both the church and secular groups to combat illiteracy, the demand for linguistic missionaries increases.

"As millions become literate there looms up the staggering task of providing them with enough literature," Dr. Laubach warns. "These literacy campaigns are going to double the world's readers. The tide will be rising before we're ready. Will they be flooded with the message of Christ or with atheism? Will they read love or hate? Whatsoever is sown in their minds, that the world will reap. What will happen when this dumb two thirds shall speak after silence of the centuries?"

A part of the answer depends on what the church does or does not do for the world's illiterate billion. □

We've had great heroes in our nation's history—George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, JFK, and Neil Armstrong, to name a few. But the times are calling for yet another kind of hero—someone who sees beyond battles, politics, or scientific achievements. He must be no man's man.

The New Hero

By POLLY MUDGE HOLMES

THERE IS a new turn of events in the fast-changing history of the American hero.

On the early frontier the hero was the strong, silent individualist who fought the elements and carved out of rock and timber (and somebody else's buffalo range) his own little chunk of the world. For the first half of this century the hero was the self-made man who came up from nothing to become Somebody. The early 60s produced a different kind of hero—the man who easily could have been Somebody in society but who made himself nothing for the sake of the world's nobodies.

Now, although these earlier heroes are still important, the status quo which they fought to build and then change has been shaken. The times are calling for yet another kind of hero.

Speaking out in 1969 for the underdog does not require quite the same heroism as in the mid-1960s. The prophetic figure who stands against injustice or war no longer needs to feel alone in his crusade. Every ghetto worker and every peace marcher now knows that he is supported by an army of like-minded brothers.

The new hero (though in fact he is not new at all) is the servant of reconciliation who fits in no safe camp. He is the listener, who meets each group and individual *where they are,* and tries to understand their anxieties and convictions so that he can affirm them as persons and siphon off their hostility. He knows that minds are not changed by fierce arguments or stubborn defensiveness, natural as these human responses are. Minds are changed only when people feel that they have been heard and understood. When an angry man is confident that he is acceptable in spite of his difference, only then is he able to hear and seriously consider an opposing point of view. The task of the reconciler is to love his closest enemies—a far more painful and difficult process than simply taking a firm stand against him. It is for heroes of this more delicate art that the world now cries.

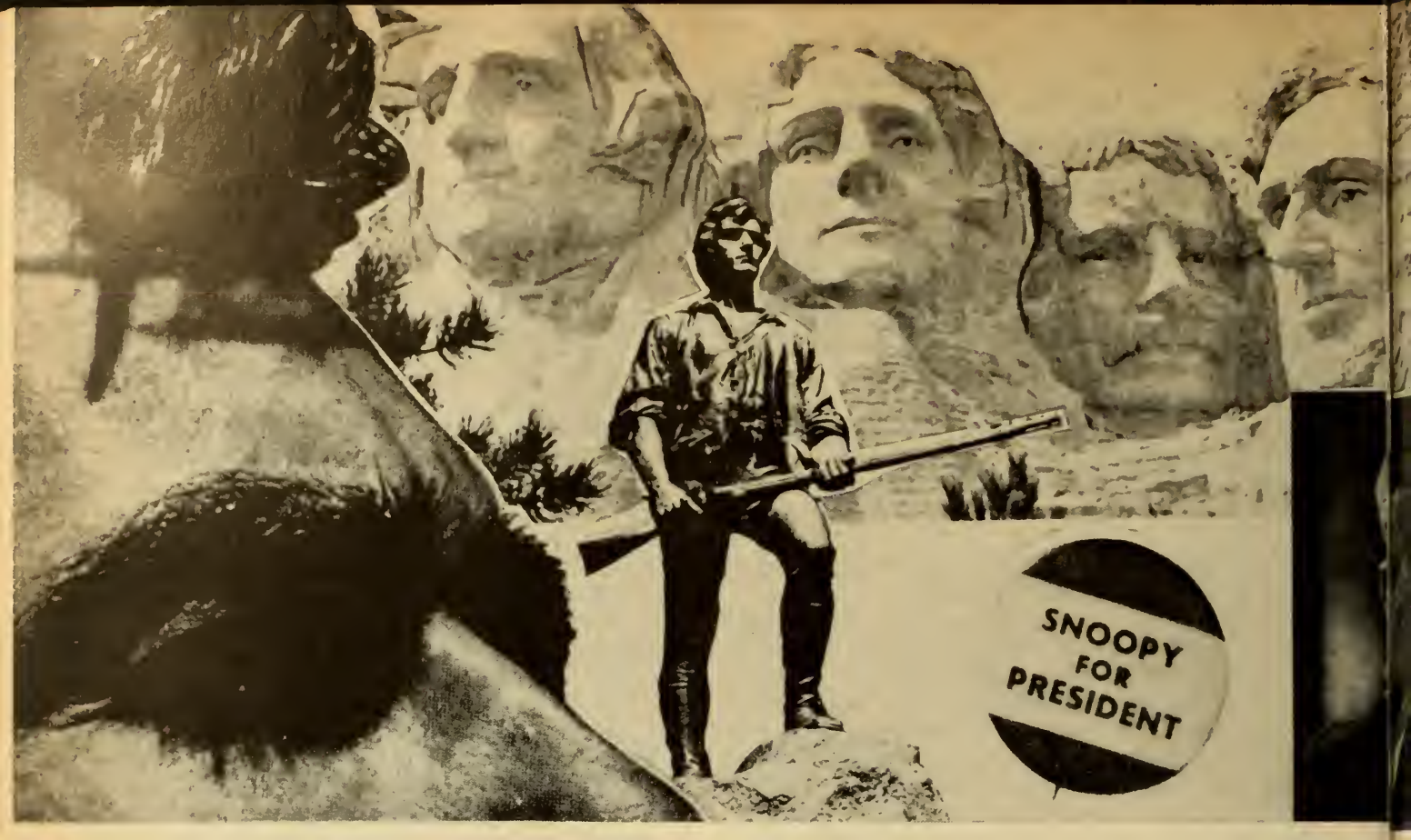
This new hero sees both the frustration of the young and the defensiveness of the old, both the freedom of the unattached and the freedom of the uninvolved. Like a circus barker on the midway, he walks between two worlds, seeking to call each out to meet and appreciate the other. Valuing at once the urgent zeal of the reformer and the justifiable caution of the faithful, he becomes the embattled inhabitant of a no-man's-land, fully understood by neither camp. His role is particularly precarious because, in confronting the radical believers on both sides of any question, he faces the almost certain expectation of being classed by each group as a pawn if not a proponent of the other extreme. Yet, if he is an enemy of both, he can reach neither.

The more subtle danger, of course, is that the reconciler, in his concern for maintaining a relationship of trust with both parties, may become just what many diehards on both sides will suspect him to be—a spineless fence-sitter who tries to be all things to all people. He must face the constant threat of either crawling safely into total conformity with one side at the expense of the best wisdom of the other, or maintaining a wishy-washy middle-of-the-road seat, accomplishing nothing for God, himself, or either of the antagonists. Aware of this threat, he must stand loose, but stand firm, like the movies' mythical gunfighter. He must be unafraid to express his convictions, but also be aware that his convictions may be faulty. He must be doggedly determined to listen before he speaks, and to understand where his audience *is* before he tries to move them elsewhere. With the finesse of a Pied Piper, he must lure them out of their houses with music they can hear and understand.

The new hero, working slowly and creatively at the reconciling process, may never be heralded as a hero, nor will he often find a comfortable niche in the world. But the groundwork which he lays may prove to be the basis for startling successes to occur (without fanfare for him) at another time or place. As he seeks to reconcile, he will be misunderstood by the extremists on both sides, for this is the unhappy nature of extremism—especially that which claims to be sanctified by God. And these misunderstandings will cloud almost any issue for those who are sincerely wrestling with it.

But the reconciler cannot take upon himself the burden of the *results* of his labors. All he can do is walk his own path, prayerfully, keeping his ears attuned to all arguments, but depending for his comfort on nobody's approval but God's.

If the new hero of reconciliation is to be found anywhere, he should be arising in the Christian church. Where else is reconciliation a more fitting, indeed a more central, responsibility? A Christian pastor, for example, is called upon to minister to the needs of both the members of his congregation and the world outside. He must work



between the two, like a faithful sheep dog, urging each toward the other until they see themselves as one.

Unfortunately, most of our Christian churches still face and will evade at their own peril (and at the peril of the gospel's fulfillment) the major battles of the reformation now raging.

With a few notable exceptions, our present church leaders have not trained and led their own flocks as reconcilers, much less led their communities or their nation. I have the uncomfortable feeling that much of the church leadership has marched off to battle and left its army behind—the officers shouting commands to the wind, addressing the troops in language so general or so unfamiliar that few of the soldiers in the ranks can decode the message. But generals cannot win wars by themselves. They owe the troops a thorough briefing on the objectives of the battle and the troops owe their officers an impeccably careful hearing. Together we all owe the world a well-trained corps of enthusiastic volunteers rather than an army of churchmen who have been drafted unwillingly into a war which they do not understand and are not sure they want to support.

Many of the unwitting soldiers in the church's wars (against fear, ignorance, poverty, injustice, bigotry, exaggeration, and war itself) have read all the lovely church recruitment folders, but have never waded through boot camp. They have very little idea of the kind of battle to which they have committed themselves by "joining up" with the Christian forces. Just as we insist that young men of draft age must be informed and free to choose their own response to their nation's call to military action, parishioners must have the opportunity to make free and informed choices in regard to their participation in the church's battles in the world (which we hope are also God's battles).

Conscientious objectors to the church's war must have a chance to express their dissension openly and freely, and in important places. After an ample presentation of the church's defense for its cause, the objector must be free to continue the exchange, choose an alternate form of service, or to join a different army. It is his right, at least, to know what army he serves and where it marches.

This does not mean, of course, that either the conscientious participant or the conscientious objector may dictate the operation of the church's battles. Our elected officers retain this final authority. We may speak, and our generals must listen, but the leaders are chosen to lead, and they must do so, in the prayerful hope that all are taking orders, finally, from the commander in chief.

Representative government does not work perfectly in the United States, nor does it function flawlessly in churches. Many changes are clearly to be desired. But if any group should be blessed by the advantage of mutual trust and acceptance, that group should be the church of Jesus Christ. If we cannot learn to differ from each other within this context, then we are not God's army but mere obstinate vassals of organized opinion.

As Christian denominations converge in the ecumenical movement, a foreboding polarization is taking place within each church body. In general, this division parallels the split which is cutting through nearly every other institution today—the rift between conservative and liberal politics, between the freshly educated and the experienced, between the pious and the obscene, between impatient youth and untrusting age, between those who crave freedom and those who crave order.

For many of these antagonists who face each other across widening chasms, reconciliation may be impossible. But this should not deter us. Men who have caught the message of God for their time have always been in the minority. It is from these reachable listeners that healing must come if the great widening chasm is not to swallow us all up. Healing can only be accomplished by heroic people who are able to search for validity in both sides and willing to deny themselves the adoration of either.

Hopefully, the majority of us who call ourselves Christians are not unalterably closed-minded. We may sincerely differ with one another—even in our basic interpretation of the meaning of Christ's mission—but we presume to be rational beings, fed on the gospel of love. If we are not alienated by hostile or insensitive leadership, we can become willing to be influenced by new perspectives.

Then our real work can begin. Angry rebels of our day have reason to be angry. But they must be calmed for their anger only defeats and diffuses their own noblest purposes. The anxious patriots who cling tenaciously to the values of the tested past have reason to be anxious. But they must be helped to relax for their paranoic fear only makes their value systems seem less valid to their critics. The only way these near-volcanic tensions can be eased constructively is for someone (and who, if not Christian leaders?) to meet each of these separated communities where they are, listen to what they are saying, and love them into listening to one another.

Trust and affirmation, surrounding and upholding the frightened or the angry man, cannot but make him less defensive of his own cherished positions and more ready to work out the painful changes that must come. Without this essential element of reconciling love, our community life will disintegrate into total civil war.

Our first line of duty will be a ministry to the very people with whom we disagree most heartily. Our acceptance will not be perfect, and even our best love will not always succeed. But unless we cultivate the art of reconciling love, the evolution of man will reverse itself. If learning this art is the wrong goal for our age, then Jesus Christ was wrong, and the gospel is not good news at all.

"Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered [you] . . . and you would not! . . . Truly . . . there will not be left here one stone upon another . . ."

God give us heroes to match the age. □

Located on a steep San Francisco street, Gum Moon residence for women was established in 1870 to provide a safe place for Chinese girls during the rowdy Barbary Coast days.

GUM MOON

THE BIG CITY—a thrilling experience for most people. But a young girl from a small town or a foreign country, away from home for the first time, may approach her exciting new life with a feeling of pure panic.

To smooth the way for these girls, the National Division of the United Methodist Board of Missions sponsors 23 women's residences in major U.S. cities.

In San Francisco's Chinatown, a bamboo sign and Chinese lantern mark the entrance to Gum Moon, a residence hall originally established for young women of Oriental descent but now open to all nationalities. In recent years, they have included girls from Hong Kong, Taiwan, Korea, Thailand, Tahiti, Japan, Indonesia, the Philippines, Canada, and the United States.

For the first two or three years of a girl's stay in San Francisco, Gum Moon (golden portals) is able to provide room and board at reasonable rates, supervision, good fellowship, and maybe even a little help with problems like money and men.

Part-time and summer jobs help pay the way for most of the Gum Moon girls. Tadako Ohtaki, who came to San Francisco from Tokyo in 1968, works afternoons and evenings as a waitress in a Japanese restaurant. Others find jobs in offices or Chinatown shops while attending San Francisco's many colleges, universities, business, art, and beauty schools.

Typical of the 41 Gum Moon residents is Wendy Tom, 18, who came to the United States by a circuitous route from Canton to Macao, to Hong Kong, and finally to San Francisco's Chinatown where an acquaintance directed her to Gum Moon.

When she finishes her courses at Galileo High School, Wendy plans to go on to San Francisco City College. According to the policy of Gum Moon, she may continue living there until her education is completed.

Gum Moon's longest term resident, Magdalen Laung, a math major at Cal State in nearby Hayward, calls Gum Moon a good place to meet new friends and master the English language. Most important, however, "you don't feel lonely; you feel at home here," she adds.

Gum Moon's director, Miss Ruth S. Doi, is largely responsible for the homelike quality. She sees Gum Moon's role as much more than simply providing an inexpensive place for young women to eat, sleep, and change clothes.

"We emphasize to the girls that we live in Chinatown and, because this is our home, we should do all we can to help the community," says Miss Doi.

For example, the girls living at Gum Moon volunteer each year to use their knowledge of the language to help the Tuberculosis Foundation register Chinatown residents. Many Gum Moon residents also act as guides during the Chinese New Year, and several serve as English tutors for students who have arrived recently in the United States from Hong Kong. □

Miss Ruth S. Doi (above, left), director at Gum Moon for the past 12 years, believes that the residence home should be more than a boardinghouse. Accordingly, young women like Suphanee Ngoo (center) develop sewing skills while Theresa Fong, Jacquelin Hullieberger, and Alice Mar (right) take their turn in using the community kitchen to prepare their own meals. Some girls share buying and cooking chores.

Conventional social life is encouraged and the young women readily adapt to Western culture. Below, Marie Tang greets friends in the homelike atmosphere of Gum Moon's living room. Most of Marie's 40 housemates attend school or help support themseives with jobs in offices or Chinatown shops.

The Year We Gave Away Christmas Trees

By MARGUERITE NIXON

THE QUESTION at our family conference was, What would we do about the Christmas baskets? Until our mother's death it had been her custom to give baskets of food at Christmastime, and we had continued the custom. But this year our hearts just were not in the project.

The year before had taken away our enthusiasm. There had been muttered remarks from some of the recipients about "charity" and "handouts." In two instances there had been downright rudeness and only grudging acceptance at best.

"Let's quit. Let's not give any baskets at all," my brother proposed.

As we sat there, feeling the loss that comes when something cherished is about to end, seven-year-old Richie spoke up. He was on the floor looking at a magazine with a huge, bedecked tree on its cover. "Why don't you give them Christmas trees?" he said.

"Richie!" his mother chided. But I could see the idea catching fire as the enthusiasm moved from face to face.

Why *not* give Christmas trees? We had a tremendous box of Mother's old ornaments, and we could put one or two on each tree in her memory. We would have to round up some more strings of lights, of course, but the tree stands could be made out of that old lumber in the shed . . . Everybody started talking at once, as ideas flashed.

Then we began making decisions. We would limit ourselves to 12 small trees, fully trimmed. On Christmas Eve we would deliver them. That's what we said.

But in no time at all the whole thing got completely out of hand. My sister decided to decorate a tree entirely in little gingerbread men. A neighbor, hearing this, said she thought she would do one in small cookie angels, if we didn't mind her butting in, and as she drifted out the door, she was saying something about tiny popcorn balls being most effective.

Neighbors became a traffic hazard crossing the street with boxes of bows, bells, and baubles. When the schools closed for the holidays, children from blocks away showed up at the door with trees, pine and fir, they had gotten some place. Our big garage became a forest of miniature trees. The men hammered and sawed the tree stands in late afternoons, stopping only when the wives appeared with mincemeat cookies and coffee.

Truly, it was the best Christmas gathering the neighborhood had ever had. For two hectic, pleasant, laughter-filled weeks, everybody contributed something. The warmth that filled us overflowed. "I bet we shine in the dark!" Richie remarked happily. Judging from the glow on everyone's face, I could only agree.

Christmas Eve came, and in the dusk of that wonderful night we carefully loaded the little trees into our caravan of trucks and cars. Days before, we had sent out scouts on bicycles to check the route each driver would take down a dark, shabby street.

"They'll think we're crazy," my husband said. "In fact, *I* think we're crazy."

Then for the first time, I began to have doubts myself. What if I gave a tree to someone who was hungry? What if they turned me away? But who could refuse a small, shining tree offered as a symbol of the Christ child's birth! It would be like the gifts of the Magi.

At the first house, I went up the rickety steps and knocked. When an old man opened the door, I said hesitantly, "I have brought you a Christmas tree."

He made no move to take it but stepped aside for me to enter, so I walked into his one-room dwelling place. There were no electric outlets, only a single drop cord hanging directly above a bare table. I unscrewed the bulb and fumbled in the dark to attach the tree lights.

Then a miracle happened. The little fir tree with the red, green, and blue bulbs nestled among its small branches became the glowing core of the drab room. It seemed that nothing was there except the tree, and the old man pulled his chair up as if to warm himself in its brightness.

As I hesitated in the doorway, he said softly, "I thank you, ma'am."

At a house with a broken sign saying "Apartments to Let," I knocked at the only door where light shone through the cracks. It was opened by a young woman who eyed me warily.

"Happy Christmas," I said.

"Are you one of them do-gooders?" she asked.

"No," I said, "I've brought you a Christmas tree."

She let me in and watched closely while I set it up. Then she said, almost happily, "Well, what do you know! A Christmas tree. It's the first one I ever had in my life."

She walked around it, the lights reflecting in her eyes. "Gee!" she said.

The white star on the top branch shone steadfastly. I couldn't help saying, "And lo, the star, which they saw in the East went before them, till it came to rest over the place where the child was."

"What did you say?" she asked.

"It's the story of the Wise Men as told in the Book of Matthew," I said. "The star on the tree reminds me of the one they saw shining in the sky."

"Go on," she said. "Do you know the rest of it?"

When I had finished, I found myself sitting on her sofa with its faded satin pillows. Her hands touched my knees, and she looked like a child hearing a wonderful, enchanting story for the first time. I reached in my coat for my little pocket Testament. "I'll give you this," I said, "and you can read it all for yourself." And I found the page for her.

"I have something for you, too," she said. She jumped up and went to her dresser, coming back with a pair of green earrings. "You give me something, and I give you something."

As I left I heard her saying, "It's a real Christmas. Yes, sir, it's a real Christmas!"

Later we drove across the viaduct into the black neighborhood, and for an instant I wanted to turn back. I thought of the demonstrations, the anger, the sit-ins of the past years. Then I thought of the Negro people with whom I had been friends all my life, their children playing with me in the front yard under the chinaberry tree, the equal spankings from a large, soft hand. And I knocked at the first house I came to.

The middle-aged woman took the Christmas tree with a joyous laugh and went to set it up herself. "Lord bless you," she said. "Come in and warm yourself while I fix us some coffee."

She had bought herself a red, flowering potted poinsettia for Christmas, and it was by the window. It reminded me of an Eastern poem I had read once about a poor man, with only two loaves of bread, who had sold one loaf to buy hyacinths to feed his soul. She saw me looking at the poinsettia and said softly, "Honey, folks don't live by bread alone."

Her words were balm for any doubts I might have had about giving Christmas trees. We sat together quietly, drinking our coffee, contemplating the twinkling tree, and thinking of food for men's souls.

After a few minutes she asked,

hesitantly, "You wouldn't by any chance have an extra tree, would you? Old Miss Lettie's been bedridden over a year, and she doesn't have any kinfolks. I bet one of these trees would do her more good than a dose of medicine."

"I bet it would, too," I told her and rose to leave.

She followed me to the station wagon and looked in. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "You don't have but one left."

"Yes, but I think it has Miss Lettie's name on it," I said and lifted it out for her.

As I drove off, she was walking down the street to Miss Lettie's house, holding the little tree like a chalice in her hands.

The other cars were coming in as I reached home. When my husband got out of the pickup truck, his jacket was unbuttoned, his hat askew, and he was chuckling.

"There was this one house with children and not a single, solitary present so I went down to a little store on the corner, and the man said everything was reduced on Christmas Eve and a box of candy free for every child. You'd never believe the stuff I got for $10. Finally the man just closed his store and went back with me. We set up the tree and these kids were standing around looking at us like we were really Santa Claus."

Everybody went into the house, laughing and chattering at the same time, each with his own story to tell.

I would join them later. But for the moment I stood there alone, looking up at the night sky.

Our cargoes had dwindled, tree by tree, as we left a string of lights across a dark part of town. In my mind's eye it seemed that the light looped in and out of the houses, tying them together in a unity of mankind. □

A Dictionary Editor Says . . .

It Is Not Irreverent to Use 'Merry Xmas'

IF GREETINGS saying "Merry Xmas" bother you, you may be relieved to know that the letter *X* in Xmas is not a modern, disrespectful abbreviation. It is, in fact, older than the word Christ itself.

The letter X or *chi* (pronounced "ki") is nothing more nor less than the first letter of the Greek spelling of Christ: ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ. The X was brought over into English in much the same way as were the Latin initials I.N.R.I. (*Iesus Nazarenus, Rex Iudaeorum*—Jesus of Nazareth, king of the Jews). There is also the monogram IHS, a Latin contraction from the Greek word for Jesus, ΙΗ(ΣΟΥ)Σ. (The Σ was misunderstood and changed to *S*.) Both of these sets of initials are found in religious paintings and sculpture, stained-glass windows, banners, and church publications. The *X* in Xmas is no more irreverent than are they.

The big Oxford English Dictionary tells us:

"In writing the name Christ, especially in abbreviated form, X represents the first letter (chi) of Greek ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ, *khristos*, and ΧΡ the first two letters. Hence in early times Xp, in modern times Xt or X are used as abbreviations: thus Xpen, Xpn = Christen, Xtian(ity) = Christian(ity), Xmas = Christmas."

Many quotations follow, showing this usage. They start in the year 1100, when it already was firmly established, and they extend down through the centuries. According to excerpts from the records of the British Parliament in 1485, the prince of the realm was referred to as: "The most famous and blessed Xpen Prince." The dictionary also refers to sermons, a 1685 manuscript in the Book of Common Prayer, and other religious writings. Quaint spellings of the name Christopher are given as Xpofer in 1573 and Xpher in 1842.

[The P above is the Greek letter rho (*r* in English). Thus ΧΡ or Xp = Chr, an abbreviation for Christ.]

Thus *X* does not "cross out" the name of Christ but rather is a symbol for it, just as the cross is a symbol for the Christian faith. In fact, the similarity of *X* to the conventionalized cross may reinforce the popularity of the use of *X* in Xmas.

No objection to this usage is recorded, probably because it was a simple, long-standing convention accepted as naturally as A.D. for *Anno Domini* (in the year of the Lord). Its easy acceptance may have been furthered by our forebears' addiction to abbreviations. In writings of earlier days we find Jno for John, Thos for Thomas, and the classic complimentary closing for letters, "yr obdt svnt." Fashions in abbreviations change, but even in our day of the typewriter, such short forms as Mr., Ave., oz., and many more are too convenient to give up.

Yes, Christ is in Xmas as well as in Christmas, and we can use the short form without irreverence. But the best place to find Him is, as always, in the heart. —*Ruth Kimball Kent*

Christmas Is Celebration

People expect the unorthodox in New York's Greenwich Village, home of hippies, yippies, dropouts, drop-ins, and other types that most Americans cannot understand. Villagers aren't surprised by anything; the out-of-the-ordinary has become the ordinary for them. But occasionally something so unusual happens that the entire village takes special note. Such was the Christmas celebration which Washington Square United Methodist Church held last year.

The festivities started with the Sunday-morning worship service, followed by a "Christmas feast"—bread, cheese, fruit. Some of the

congregation then donned costumes as a symbol of gaiety. Others carried balloons and hoisted banners depicting the sun (a traditional symbol of Christ) as the 40 or so worshipers carried their celebration out of the sanctuary into the streets. Near the front marched Washington Square's pastor, A. Finley Schaef, who had thought of the parade in the first place. A banner boldly proclaimed the group's faith in God's continuing presence in the world: "Each newborn baby is God's opinion that life should go on."

"The parade was a good one," a participant recalls. "We started from our church, marched to Holy Trinity Chapel [Roman Catholic] at New York University and broke up their program with carols and good wishes, tromped around Washington Square, and then went up Fifth Avenue. We stopped at two empty churches along the route to carol the Holy Spirit, and then, I'm afraid, we inadvertently gave the police a bit of trouble as we arrived at Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's church. The Julie

Nixon-David Eisenhower wedding was about to be held, and we seemed to pose a problem for the security police. They herded us behind some barricades, finally let us sing a song or two and wish the wedding good cheer, and then they helped us around the corner. From there it was quietly down Sixth Avenue and back to church."

The "band of happy ragamuffins," as one observer described them, drew mixed reactions along the parade route. "At Dr. Peale's church there was some hostility and suspicion from the crowd," a Washington Square Church member recalls, adding, "We had no intention of being anything but celebrative. In the village everyone thought our parade was nice, cheerful, fun. People seemed to like the lead banner especially."

As the Greenwich Village United Methodists plan another of their unorthodox celebrations for this Christmas, other congregations around the country also are experimenting with forms of worship and celebration. This is a sign of vitality, according to the Rev. Donald M. Kimmelman, a United Methodist pastor in New York.

"No eternal order of worship was written in the heavens or spoken through the prophets," he observes. "No commandment dictates the type of music or language to be used. We need to broaden our sights and our experiences as to how we worship God. We need continually to examine what is meaningful for us. Does the way in which we worship witness to the love and joy which comes to us in Jesus Christ? Does it free us to express that love and joy in the world of our day?" *—Martha A. Lane*

Incomplete, Like Jimmy

By HENRY L. SALLEY
Pastor, First United Methodist Church
Throckmorton, Texas

JIMMY Garner was called "the village moron" by many people in his hometown. The term generally was applied without malice, but during his 25 years there, he was the object of many pranks, jokes, and threats.

Jimmy had no close family members so he had learned to take care of himself, but his intelligence was that of a 10-year-old child. Before he went to the hospital, he came to our church for four consecutive Sundays. "I want to be a good person, like others in the church," he said.

Not many came to Jimmy's funeral, but he would have been pleased that someone did. Those of us who gathered were there because we are the townspeople who had known and shared his life. We are the people he trusted as friends and neighbors.

This was an important event in the life of our church because in being there we could become more than just Jimmy's fellow townspeople, his friends, and his neighbors. We could be with our deceased friend in the Spirit of Christ.

To be the church we had to stand with Jimmy as his brother. But only as we know ourselves in need of the mercy of God could we stand with Jimmy. Only as we acknowledge that we have gaps in our own lives and needs which make us incomplete, could we truly affirm Jimmy as our brother. All of us, too, are incomplete like Jimmy.

Our prayer must be that of the ancient church:

"Lord, have mercy upon us! / Christ, have mercy upon us! / Lord, have mercy upon us!"

When we stood with Jimmy, we were faced with the judgment and the undeserved love of God in all life.

At the manger and the cross our past is stamped "forgiven." The future is open. In God's love we have the possibility of finding wholeness and purpose. We are accepted just as we are. We can love the unloved. We can accept the unaccepted.

We who gathered in that sanctuary were thrown into life as Jimmy was. This is where pain is pain and death is death. This is where a simple man lived and died, and this is where the church should be—at this dead body of a man who had few real friends.

We must not consign ourselves to being above or separate from the places where men hurt and die. This is where we belong, beside our brother. We now were entrusting his life and who he was to God. Each of us must also entrust his life and history to God.

We, the townspeople who lived with Jimmy, might have dismissed him as irrelevant and simple. We might have made fun of him. We might have given him discarded garments, which he wore regardless of the season. We might have left him alone and shown him no pity. We might have taken advantage of him.

Jimmy was isolated by most people, not in reality accepted as a brother whom they loved. Yet a few did accept him. There is no middle ground—it is either isolation or acceptance. Some of us have had him in our hearts and lives long before now. As any good brother or sister, we knew his weaknesses, his faults, and his goodness.

At his funeral we had the holy privilege of being the church of Jesus Christ, a privilege that carries with it the joy of receiving forgiveness of our sins against Jimmy and against God. We can stand with Jimmy at the manger and at the cross and face our deaths, for we have much in common with him.

Our lives, as Jimmy's life, are not what they might be; but we are what we are. If we acknowledge that we are incomplete and have needs, we can receive completeness and fullness. Jesus of Nazareth was born, lived, and died for the incomplete people. And they are *all* of us. The man who believes himself to be complete and sufficient should read again, "Fool! This night your soul is required of you."

Life comes through hurt. The Babe born in the manger caused pain at his birth. As he matured, he was hurt when he saw people spilled on and soiled. He hurt as he died. It seems that goodness is not born and cannot live without care and hurt.

The life of Jimmy Garner was a mystery of hurt and incompleteness. He was born, matured, changed, grew old, and died. We do not understand the why. But if we are alive to his hurt and his death, we have found a new depth to life. We are richer and more alive. For Jimmy with his limitations may have done more with his life than we are doing with our lives. We who have much are enriched by him who had little.

We do not die or hurt alone. When Jimmy died at Christmas, we could celebrate the goodness of God's love in human life. Immanuel, Immanuel—God is with us.

In the Babe of Christmas is the hope for all of us who are incomplete. God is with us. And the psalmist's words take on new meaning:

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;
he makes me lie down in green pastures.
He leads me beside still waters; he *re*stores my soul.
He leads me in paths of righteousness for his
name's sake.
Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death,
I fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod
and thy staff they comfort me.

Jimmy felt something of the psalmist's words as he was dying. He was celebrating Christmas as best he could. He requested that someone from the church come and sing some songs together. The night of our church Christmas program we took Santa Claus to the hospital. We passed out bags of fruit to many of the patients. We gave one to Jimmy. That night the nurse found Jimmy clutching the bag. Someone had helped him to celebrate Christmas. He never regained consciousness before he died.

The Child whose birthday we are celebrating makes this moment possible. For the Christ child later said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes . . . yet shall he live. . ."

We gathered to worship God and accompany our brother in his death. Yet we are not the best brothers or sisters. We are just sinners who live on the mercy of Jesus Chirst. We have no apology for Jimmy to anyone, for we, too, are incomplete.

When we visited Jimmy last, before he lost consciousness, he asked that some of the people come to the hospital room and sing. I asked what he wanted us to sing. He replied, "Any of them songs out of the new songbook." He just wanted to hear people sing. And we did. And he knew we cared. □

Silent. I've Listened

I have sat hushed and heard the rain crows cry
their melancholy music of foreboding.
I have heard wind flutes keening in the sky,
a landslide roar with ringing horns exploding,
and broken oak reeds moaning on a wall.
Silent, I've listened to a human throat—
in wretched hovel or great concert hall,
not knowing which—touching a gilded note.
But always, it has been an alien skill,
another's stage of sound where I withdrew
which muted me with ecstasy until
I wept with longing to make music, too.

Then, when I thought of God, giver of things,
it was as though a hand plucked all my strings.

—Donna Dickey Guyer

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

Does man's landing on the moon change his need for God?

✣ Not unless his concept of God is too small in the first place. All due credit to the scientific miracle of a moon landing; it is a great achievement! But there is no need to protect God from advances in technology. When the psalmist said, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," he referred to the whole created order as he knew it. The vast universe which God created has never been fully explored, and much of it never discovered. Greater discoveries in the universe could lead to greater knowledge of the Creator. Man will never outgrow the need for the God who created the universe we now are discovering. Man will see his own achievements as results of the proper use of God-given freedom. Man will always long to make sense of the human enterprise, human relationships, human destiny, and life itself. This deep human need will not be changed by moving to another planet.

What rules should a United Methodist follow?

✣ Both the General Rules and doctrinal statements are given in our *Book of Discipline*. When the General Rules were written in 1739, church members were warned against such things as slaveholding, drunkenness, profanity, brawling, usury, costly apparel, and blackmarketeering. Every religious society begins with some rules and disciplines, and ours are of significance both historically and for the quality of life they describe. Today The United Methodist Church also expresses itself in *The Book of Resolutions* which contains many guides for modern living. The important point is not a legalistic set of rules but rather the kind of love that will rise above rules. Rules often represent an ethical minimum. *The Book of Discipline* states: "All persons seeking to be saved from their sins and sincerely desiring to be Christian in faith and practice are proper candidates for full membership in The United Methodist Church."

What is meant by the "priesthood of all believers"?

✣ This is the company of God's faithful people. In the ancient world, a priest was a mediator, standing between God and man. He possessed both superior knowledge and the ability to communicate. The New Testament pictures Christ as the great High Priest. Because of Christ we can approach the throne of God with boldness (Hebrews 4:16). His spirit is in the church, making it one with him, and no other priest is needed to stand between man and God. One of several New Testament passages which support this view is 1 Peter 2:9 (New English Bible), which declares: "But you are a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a dedicated nation, and a people claimed by God for his own, to proclaim the triumphs of him who has called you out of darkness into his marvelous light." Every Christian is a priest, claimed by God for witness, prayer, and teaching.

Letters

PRAISES UNNOTICED ACTS

As mother of a retarded child, I found the article *Weekend With Nelda* [October, page 3], warm and touching. It reports an act of kindness seldom noticed. Within our church are a dear couple who are faithful each Sunday in going to the state home for the mentally retarded, gathering a group (some in wheelchairs), and bringing them to church. This not only takes time but effort. But the children enjoy it much, and for some it is their only outing.

MRS. KATHRYN McGAUGHEY
Wheatridge, Colo.

MORE VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

I wish to thank *Together* for the lovely article *Weekend With Nelda*. Those of us working in the mental-health field know how much community interest and help can mean in our therapy programs. There is a vast need for more participation in this kind of project.

MARJORIE DINTELMANN
Volunteer Services Co-ordinator
Alton State Hospital
Alton, Ill.

ART, YES—BUT DANCE SCENE 'UTTERLY OUT OF PLACE'

No one can deny that art and religion have ever been vitally related and that dancing and leaping and praising God are a part of the Judeo-Christian tradition. The introduction into modern worship services of art festivals, such as portrayed in your excellent October article [page 30], should prove a most valuable means of bringing a long-neglected portion of the population within the sound of the gospel.

Through the centuries Christianity has been the creative inspiration of the greatest masterpieces of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and art of every kind, lifting all above vulgarity to the heights of purity and sanctity.

A dance scene such as the one depicted on pages 34-35—and that, of all things, as a celebration of the love of God—is utterly out of place in a church service, and worse yet in a Christian-family magazine. It seems hard to believe it could have been allowed, let alone photographed and published.

CHARLES C. CAIN, *Retired Minister*
Dunedin, Fla.

'HAVE YOU NO RESPECT FOR WOMANHOOD?'

Such pictures [see *Art Festivals*, October, page 34] belong on a circus billboard, not in a supposedly Christian paper. Have you no respect for womanhood?

If you people are so enticed by the things of the world, get out and worship them, but don't try to tell our young people there is no distinction between a Christian (a born-again believer in a personal savior) and a nonbeliever. No wonder our youth are so confused. You are worshiping the created rather than the Creator.

Wake up, you people! Read the letter [*Teens*, October, page 60] from the mixed-up person who has been led to believe God is not real, the Bible is not true, and no one can be trusted. It is a sad letter indeed. Such literature as The United Methodist Church is putting out will not lead people to Christ.

MRS. ALDUS COOPER
Winchester, Va.

'GIVE THE FARMER'S SLANT ON MIGRANT WORKERS'

I read your report on *Migrant Problems, Northern-Style* [September, page 12]. We hear so much nowadays about the poor migrant worker that it is time someone who knows should tell the problems of the farmers with these people. I have lived all my married life on a fruit farm, in southwest Michigan, which will soon be fifty years.

Before we had adequate housing built for migrants, they lived in tents and were happy. They said it was like going on a vacation and being able to make money. It was their way of life. We called on many of them in their southern homes, and they were gracious to us and were very happy and satisfied with their way of life. The little privy outback and the pump to get water were just good enough.

We also had the "stinkers" who would lay down on the job when needed so badly, and when they left they would steal all they could lay their hands on and leave their living quarters filthy dirty, broken furniture and dishes.

As time went on, farmers had to build housing and furnish it with gas stoves, beds and mattresses, tables, chairs, and other things to make homes for them. This all costs plenty.

The farmer has to pay for a camp license. The only expense the migrants have is the bottled gas they burn. The farmer has to have insurance, in case of accidents, which runs high. The government has made so many laws for the poor migrant workers that they don't care if they work or not as they know they will be fed anyway. They are getting the highest wages the farmer ever paid.

If the government, churches, and others want a bigger and better living for the migrants, why don't they take some of their great wealth and build them camps and keep them up like they expect the farmer to do. My husband was born and raised on this farm 73 years ago. It is mighty hard to see it going down hill and being eaten up by expense, mostly through labor, after he has put a lifetime of hard work into it.

MRS. WARD H. OVERHISER
South Haven, Mich.

HOME NEEDS DESERVE ATTENTION

The articles in the September issue were both timely and interesting. The one on migrant problems deserves attention. It is often easy to see the needs of people who live several thousand miles from our country, but neglect many here in our land.

MRS. VIRGINIA BARRY
Clarksville, Ind.

WE MUST DEMAND INTEGRITY, THEN DEFEND MINISTERS

Your editorial integrity as you allow the church to indict itself is praiseworthy, but will we do something *together* to change the situation?

When Leonard Sorg [*Five Laymen*

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

Talk About Their Church, October, page 6] states, "Many local congregations would not tolerate a minister who stated his honest feelings about war or other controversial issues," he is hurling an indictment at both ministers and laymen. Harold Patchett, in response to Sorg, apparently agrees with him.

These men are saying that the ministers and laymen have come to an agreement that the church will not deal with the real issues confronting man in his world for all these issues are controversial. Am I being overly pessimistic when I simply state that any church structure is doomed to failure unless laymen demand integrity from their ministers and then defend them when they speak forthrightly?

I hope I am correct in suggesting that some congregations do defend the open pulpit. I hope that there are ministers who will take the consequences of their integrity. This is really not an option in the church. In the long run, all the concerns of *Together*, as well as the mission of the church itself, hinge on this "controversial" concern of integrity.

It may be costly for a minister to state his honest feelings, but what is the alternative?

JOHN C. GINGERICH, *Pastor*
First United Methodist Church
Parsons, Kans.

'WHY DOES HE DOWNGRADE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS?'

I was intensely interested in the October *Round Table* in which *Five Laymen Talk About Their Church* [page 6], and fully agree with much that they said. They offered many constructive suggestions and opened the windows to permit much musty air, which for too long has afflicted our church, to escape.

But I take issue with Leonard Sorg's statement, "As long as a church school continues to use the International Lessons, in my opinion, it is dead." He seems to imply that all the answers pertaining to spiritual living amid modern conditions are to be found *only* in the new material. While I have nothing against the new material, I do object to his

"Martha! What will the neighbors think?"

downgrading the International Lessons.

One of the great dangers in the way our modern literature is being taught is that the Bible appears to be secondary. Oh, I know there are Bible selections at the beginning of each lesson, but I venture to say not one in six persons reads them prior to the class meetings. We talk about the ghettos, campus and street riots, the [race] question, and other things as though the Bible has little to say about them. One is not old fashioned just because one still sticks to the International Lessons. They can well be a source of pride.

W. B. PETHERICK, *Retired Minister*
Fort Myers, Fla.

TOO MUCH INSTITUTION, NOT ENOUGH CORE MESSAGE

The October issue contained a variety of interesting features on the mission tasks for today. It was also a reflection of much of the church it represents by managing to give very little space to the core message of the Christian faith of personal surrender of Jesus Christ, which remains the key to the Kingdom and the prescription for life.

The institutional church has assumed such a large silhouette in the eyes of most people that its often well-meaning shadow is shading us from the light of Christ. In the *Round Table* by the five laymen, the church is referred to over 50 times, and Jesus Christ is referred to, quite indirectly, only once. It is difficult to find the Way with a lantern when the Light is so often left out.

HAROLD H. QUICK
Des Moines, Iowa

BAPTISM BY IMMERSION IS IN WESLEYAN TRADITION

Referring to the October letter headed *Baptism by Immersion Not Methodist Tradition* [see page 50], I would assume United Methodist tradition goes back to John Wesley. Therefore, I would like to quote some of his writings about Baptism:

His *Journal* for February 22, 1736, on board a ship bound for Georgia: "Mary Welch, aged 11 days, was baptized according to the custom of the first Church, and the rule in the Church of England, by immersion."

His *Journal* for March 21, 1759: "I baptized seven adults, two of them by immersion; and in the evening (their own ministers having cast them out for going to hear the Methodists) I administered the Lord's Supper to them . . ."

From *A Treatise on Baptism* in Wesley's *Works:* "The matter of this sacrament is water; which, as it has a natural power of cleansing, is the more fit for this symbolical use. Baptism is performed by washing, dipping, or sprinkling the person, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who is hereby devoted to the ever-blessed Trinity. I say by washing, dipping, or sprinkling; because it is not determined in Scripture in which of these ways it shall be done . . ."

W. C. HARPOLD, *Retired Minister*
Funkstown, Md.

MESSAGE MAKES ONE THINK

It was good to read the message *What Are You Waiting For?* by Nenien C. McPherson, Jr., in the October issue [page 47]. It was most absorbing and makes one think like the poets and writers of the past. We need more such helpful messages these days.

GRACE G. PRICE
Harrisburg, Pa.

ROLE OF POPE PIUS XII DISTORTED BY 'THE DEPUTY'

I must take issue with a portion of the article *Will Religion Kill Christianity?* by the Rev. Ronald L. Sundbye [September, page 47]. That portion refers to the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII in the face of fascist atrocities against Jews in Germany, Italy, and other countries during World War II.

Mr. Sundbye says that Rolf Hochhuth's work, *The Deputy*, "made a believer" of him. More objective readers of the play see it as an anti-Catholic diatribe, completely

devoid of historical authenticity.

Hochhuth's main theme, repeated by Mr. Sundbye, is that Pope Pius XII, in failing to make frequent condemnations of fascist genocide against the Jews, somehow was personally responsible for condemning the Jews to certain death. This theory is not borne out in fact.

Pope Pius XII possessed an intense and abiding love for the Jewish people. As early as 1937 his voice (as then Cardinal Pacelli and close advisor to his predecessor) could be heard in Pius XI's severely antinazi encyclical *Mit brennender Sorge*. During his own pontificate, Pius XII worked unceasingly on behalf of the Jews. He realized that action was needed, that words would have been futile. In a wartime audience he said, "After many tears and many prayers, I have judged that a protest of mine not only would fail to help anyone, but would create even more fury against the Jews . . ."

I strongly suggest that if Mr. Sundbye attempts another appraisal of an element of Catholicism, he allow himself to be guided by reason and scholarship, not by generalizations and half-truths.

JAMES A. TRICK
Hughesville, Pa.

'STICK TO BIBLICAL FACTS'

In his September *Your Faith* column [page 49], Bishop Thomas's answer to the question, "When does one become a saint?" is entirely wrong. Read 1 Corinthians 1:2 and Romans 1:7 and you will have to agree that one becomes a saint when he becomes a Christian. Our preachers should stick to the biblical facts so church members will not be confused. If they are not confused, more people will be converted to Christianity.

MRS. KENT GABEL
Dimmitt, Texas

MISSES THE WESLEY QUOTE

I looked for the "Is thy heart right . . ." quotation from Wesley in the upper-right corner of the *Contents* page of my last issue of *Together* and discovered that it is not there, and has not been since January, 1969. Just want you to know I miss it.

When I get to feeling that our church does not require enough of its members, as do some of our more rigid friends, I like to read this statement and feel warm at heart that we welcome members, just as Christ surely welcomes followers.

MRS. RUSSELL A. NIELSEN
Cedar Falls, Iowa

PICTURES MERIT REPRINTING

I've enjoyed *Together*'s *Photo Invitationals* through the years, and I've just received the issue presenting the latest one [*Turn! Turn!*, September, page 30]. I am wondering if you might have considered reproducing the photos. I would love to have the collection all in one book. I am using the two copies I have of *Together* to display on our bulletin board, first laminating them.

SEAVY A. CARROLL
Salisbury, Rhodesia

BASIC ISSUES IN 'MOTIVE' CONTROVERSY NEED AIRING

In connection with the recent controversy over *motive* magazine [see *'motive' Continued Under New Editors*, September, page 21], I read an outstanding statement in *The New York Times* attributed to B. J. Stiles, former *motive* editor:

"How is it that we can live in a day when national guardsmen drop Mace on students and thousands of Americans die from hunger, and when dozens of our neighbors and relatives die in a war which is abhorrent, and then run in horror from an occasional word which tells these events like they are? This is the situation which I find obscene."

I think *Together* would be doing a real service to the church to take on the broader implications involved in the *motive* controversy, under the terms indicated by Mr. Stiles's quotation. Certainly, there are strong feelings for both sides within the church. The strong feelings reflect real concerns for matters central to Christian faith and practice.

To treat the issue only within the confines of a specific situation relating to a single magazine of a single month, I think, is to treat it in such a manner that one side would consider it an embarrassment, a skeleton in the closet, while the other side would feel themselves frozen out of the church by covert and unsympathetic pressures. This would be an injustice to both sides and to the large issues involved. How much better if the discussion could be aired away from the emotions associated with the May *motive*, and treated instead in terms of the broad issues involved, and in the light of reason and Christian concern.

JACKSON H. DAY
Chaplain (CPT) U.S. Army
Fort Lee, Va.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION, OCTOBER 1, 1969 (as required by act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code) of TOGETHER, published monthly at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tennessee 37203, with headquarters and business offices at same address.

John E. Procter certifies that he is Vice-President in Charge of Publishing of said publication and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of ownership, management, and circulation of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in caption:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editorial director, assistant editorial director, and managing editor are:
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2. That the owner is the Board of Publication of The Methodist Church, Inc. d/b/a The Methodist Publishing House.
3. That there are no bondholders, mortgages, or security holders.
4. That the printing and circulation is as follows:

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Single issue nearest filing date	54,575
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Average for preceding 12 months	564,749
Single issue nearest filing date	593,486

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Dear God,
Keep me alive to Christmas.
May no large gift unopened,
No unfinished obligation,
No worry as to another's opinion
Block my way to Bethlehem.
Simply let me come to the stable.
One star's light is enough
To see in the manger
The Child.

Christmas 1969

A Collection of Poetry by
Bernard S. Via, Jr.

IN THE TEMPERATE ZONE

I wanted to breathe Christmas,
Have it fill my being,
Hanging a sparkle on every red corpuscle.

I took it like medicine
Sucking in some thoughts
(The ones that seemed appropriate),
And I uttered those hospitable
Seasonal sounds,
Performed those acts,
Symptomatic of the spirit
Said to preside over the closing days of the year.

It was all a great flurry
Like fluttering snowflakes
That decorated the days
Too cold for whiteness to cover the earth
But intermittently brightening the wind.

I speculated whether it would really snow enough
to measure,
And whether Christmas would truly come.

JOSEPH BY THE MANGER

And there is Joseph,
Standing there thinking goodness knows what.
Dear man, to have such a wife,
And such a child!

Nazarene, holding the hope of the world in
your care,
Would you exchange places
With a wise man?
Or even a shepherd?
What peasant understanding do you bring to
your glorious predicament?
Yours, but not of your making.
Strong Joseph, planning the escape,
The way to Egypt is over the desert.
Carpenter, what will you build now?

Joseph, head of the household,
What are you thinking,
Standing there?

PEACE ON EARTH

Peace is not the silence between blasts.
It is the love of goodwill,
The living of the truth,
The experience of faith;
It is the coming of a Child.

NATIVITY

My birth was adequate enough
For physical purposes;
But life found its deepest dimension
When a part of His birth
Became my own.

Unusual Methodists

DOROTHY YOUNG: *Paintings in rock.*

ONE OF the best-known rock hounds around Colorado's Pikes Peak region is Mrs. Dorothy Young. For 18 years she has visited Colorado Springs elementary schoolrooms, showing fossils and other rock specimens, explaining their history and usefulness.

Others know her for her "rock pictures," a type of "painting" she developed herself. After preparing the canvas with an acrylic painting medium, she covers it with crushed rock. No artificial color is added, since rocks come in all colors. Some of her more than 100 works of art are done in fluorescent rocks, producing remarkable effects when exposed to ultraviolet light.

Mrs. Young's interest in children and rocks springs from a family tragedy. In 1949 her 10-year-old son drowned. He had begun a rock collection, and she never had the heart to throw it away. One day she showed it to a Scout troop. Before she knew it, she was doing programs for schoolchildren. "Rock collecting can lead you into interesting careers," she tells them and cites as a case in point her son, Stanley, Jr., a metallurgist with National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Dorothy and her husband Stanley, who assists her with the school programs, attend Colorado Springs First United Methodist Church. □

AN ESTIMATED 750,000 Cuna Indians inhabited what is now Panama and its 400-island archipelago before gold-hungry conquistadors tried to exterminate them. Today Panama's Indian population is about 90,000, or 6 percent of the country's inhabitants. One member of the minority group is Cuna Indian Leonidas Arias, who grew up in a thatched-roof hut on the island of Ailigandi, and went to Panama City at an early age to find work. He also found Seawall Methodist Church and a new goal in life—to become a minister.

Some thought Leonidas had made an impossible decision, but his determination won out over several obstacles: language (he spoke a Cuna dialect so had to learn both Spanish and English), a tough bout with tuberculosis, and a lack of education. He completed elementary school on the mainland, then went to Alajuela, Costa Rica, where he worked on his high-school and seminary educations simultaneously.

Leonidas returned home in 1967 with a diploma—and with Carmen, his Costa Rican wife—to work on the island of Acua Tupo (population 200). The couple set to work immediately to build a $150 church in "modern Cuna" architecture—cement floor, thatch roof, stick walls. Next they started a kindergarten. Since the island's only health "clinic" was the medicine man's hut, they now dispense malaria combatants, penicillin, disinfectants, and basic medicines—when they can get them. A motorized canoe enables them to minister on other islands, too. □

ON CHRISTMAS DAY back in 1916, when the moon was still romantic and stars were to wish on, an Ohio farm boy received an astronomy book from his mother. Leslie Peltier, now almost 70, has been fascinated with the stars ever since.

His first close look at the heavens came through a cheap telescope mounted on a farm fence. Shortly thereafter he began sending monthly reports to Harvard University on the variable stars (those like the North Star which pulsate, or change in brightness every few days). The reports, which he still sends, so impressed Harvard scientists that they loaned him a four-inch

LEONIDAS ARIAS: *Outreach by dugout.*

telescope. In 1923, Princeton University loaned him a six-inch one. More recently, in 1959, Miami University of Oxford, Ohio, presented him with a complete observatory, including revolving dome, 12-inch Clark telescope, and all accessories.

World War I prevented Dr. Peltier from finishing high school, but it could not quench his thirst for knowledge. He continued to study astronomy at the local library. Long regarded and honored as one of the world's most famous amateur astronomers, Dr. Peltier's achievements include the discovery of 12 comets since 1925. In 1947, Bowling Green State University in Ohio awarded the high-school dropout an honorary doctor's degree. And since 1964, a 7,500-foot California peak has borne his name.

By day the amazing Dr. Peltier works as a toy designer in his hometown, Delphos, Ohio. But for at least two hours every night, he is transported millions of miles into space via his telescope.

With his wife Dorotha—who, with sons Stanley (a teacher) and Gordon (a medical student), shares his interests—Dr. Peltier attends Delphos' United Methodist Church. □

LESLIE PELTIER:
Amateur astronomer.

200-Year Observance...

Happenstance Made History

ONE OCTOBER DAY in 1769, two young Englishmen walked along Philadelphia's cobblestone streets in search of a coach to take them to New York. Suddenly they were hailed by a small group of men who asked:

"Are you Methodist preachers?"

Joseph Pilmoor and Richard Boardman acknowledged that they were indeed Methodist preachers, the first sent to America by John Wesley. They said they had recently landed at nearby Gloucester Point, N.J., and had walked the six miles to Philadelphia after ferrying across the Delaware River. Their destination was Wesley Chapel, the Methodist meetinghouse in New York City, later to become mother church of the present John Street United Methodist Church.

Neither Pilmoor nor Boardman seemed aware that a flourishing Methodist Society also existed in Philadelphia. It had been organized two years earlier by one-eyed Capt. Thomas Webb, a British army officer, and it needed pastoral care.

Pilmoor decided to remain in the city of Brotherly Love, and he became the first pastor of St. George's Church, today the oldest American Methodist church in continuous service. Boardman went on alone to New York. Later the two would exchange pulpits from time to time.

On October 25, 1969—200 years after Pilmoor and Boardman arrived in America—United Methodists unveiled a stone monument marking the New Jersey site where the English preachers landed.

Among events of the Pilmoor-Boardman bicentennial was the eagerly awaited publication of an unexpurgated, annotated edition of the journal kept by Joseph Pilmoor during his four years in pre-Revolutionary America. The new edition of the *Journal,* released on October 24, was co-edited by Dr. Frederick E. Maser, former pastor of Old St. George's, and Howard T. Maag.

"The *Journal* reads like a novel and is better than a good biography," Dr. Maser says. "It presents a vivid picture of colonial life in Philadelphia and New York . . . and other places as far south as Savannah, Ga., where Pilmoor went on a preaching tour."

Old St. George's Church, which also observes its bicentennial in 1969, is a beautiful, well-preserved colonial building linked in some way with almost every significant event in the history of American Methodism.

Only by a quirk of fate, however, did St. George's become a Methodist church in the first place. When Pilmoor and the Philadelphia Society began looking for larger quarters, they found a large shell of a church built by a Dutch Reformed congregation. It was left unfinished for want of money, was put up for auction, and was sold for 700 pounds, about one-third of its cost.

According to the Pilmoor *Journal,* as quoted by Mr. Maser: "While the public auction was in progress, a gentleman's son who was *non compos mentis* happened to stop in the auction room and bought it. His father wanted to be off the bargain and could not without proving the insanity of his son. Rather than to attempt this he was willing to lose 50 pounds by the job. Thus, the Lord provided for us, our way was made plain, and we resolved to purchase the place . . . How wonderful are the dispensations of Providence."

Today, the walls of Old St. George's echo to the tread of Methodist immortals. Like most historic buildings, the church has acquired an atmosphere and a personality all its own. To enter its doors, as thousands of United Methodists have done, is to step back 200 years in time. It seems, as one antiquarian wrote, "that if one rubbed the air hard enough one might make a thin spot through which all the happenings of that place might come rushing in."

Here, in 1771, Francis Asbury climbed the steps of the spiral pulpit that exists in replica today. (This unusual pulpit, which can be occupied by only one person at a time, has been described as "a tub on a box," and as "a watch box with the top sawed off.")

Of his first visit to St. George's, Asbury wrote: "The people looked on us with pleasure, hardly knowing how to show their love sufficiently, bidding us welcome with fervent affection . . . When I came near the American shore, my heart melted within me, to think from whence I came, where I was going, and what I was going about."

Even Asbury could not have dreamed of the superhuman ministry that would be his for more than 40 years on the dim trails of frontier America, a ministry that would lay the foundations of American Methodism as we know it today.

St. George's was a flourishing church when Benjamin Franklin walked past its doors, when British and American troops marched through the streets, when the Declaration of Independence was signed in Independence Hall a few blocks away. It was known as "The Church of the Arrival," or "The Welcoming Receiving Station" for the Wesley missionaries or itinerate preachers of the late 18th century. It survived military occupation, dissension from within, and—when threatened with condemnation in 1921—had prestige enough to cause the proposed site of the Benjamin Franklin Bridge to be moved 14 feet to the south. At one time its membership numbered 3,716, but this dwindled to less than 100 in a changing neighborhood of river-front stores, factories, and warehouses.

Much of St. George's historic past is preserved within the church and adjoining museum. Not only is this a true shrine of United Methodism, it is a historic landmark of colonial America.

Perhaps St. George's would not exist today had not the two young Englishmen turned up by happenstance at the right moment on the streets of Philadelphia in 1769. But out of such seemingly unimportant incidents—marked in 1969 by United Methodism's bicentennial observance—is written the history of men, nations, and movements.

—Herman B. Teeter

Films & TV

THE FILM **A Walk With Love and Death** *(M)* is of such exquisite beauty, good taste, and sensitivity that one feels an overwhelming desire to protect it from misunderstanding or misuse. Despite its setting and theme (civil strife in the Middle Ages) this latest John Huston film is fragile and gentle, a testimony to the ultimate power of life over death.

The time is the 14th century, in the midst of the Hundred Years' War when knights back from the Crusades ventured forth from their castles to defend nobility, satisfying what one disillusioned nobleman refers to as that "marvelous human appetite for death." Chivalry is not dead, it is merely distorted. A lady is honored by knights with the senseless mass murder of peasants who have themselves just captured a castle after slaughtering its occupants.

How can such material be gentle and fragile? Only because Director Huston uses it as background for a romantic tale of young love, flowering in misty dawns, sunlit fields, and damp, dreary palaces of pre-Renaissance France.

Portraying the young couple are two newcomers, both with distinguished real-life parents. Claudia is Huston's own teen-age daughter, Anjelica, and Heron, the student who loves her, is Assaf Dayan, the son of Israel's General Moshe Dayan.

They meet when Heron stops for the night on a journey to the sea. He is traveling there to seek his freedom, an adequate explanation in a romantic story. They reach for one another in spite of, and partly because of, the stench of death that emanates around them from a nobility corrupted by power and a church retreating into passive asceticism.

Based on Hans Koningsberger's novel, **Walk** is still very much a film, painted with great care by a masterful director. An army captain orders a peasant's throat cut for a trivial offense; peasants steal and eat a horse; a man is pulled apart by horses to intimidate a mob; bodies float downstream. Everywhere, the land is debased by man's corruption. These are fleeting moments, inserted not to exploit senseless death but to show its ugliness in contrast to the power of love.

While the setting is the Middle Ages, today's youth will quickly note that Huston, a veteran film director in his 60s, has made their film. Huston abhors killing, finding it senseless and dangerous to all living things. This is shown in **Walk** with the same quiet honesty Huston displayed in his World War II documentary film **The Battle of San Pietro**, which the U.S. Army suppressed, not because it was too gory but because it was too revealing.

Huston's film is being distributed by 20th Century-Fox, a company now holding another film of charm and fragility, **The Boys of Paul Street** *(G)*. Made by an English-Hungarian team, **Boys** was nominated last year for a (best foreign film) academy award, had a brief run in New York, and now sits as a Fox investment with no particular place to go.

Directed by veteran Hungarian filmman Zoltan Fabri **Boys** is a respectful rendering of a Molnar novel which points to the absurdity of war. Two rival groups (boys between 8 and 14) fight for the ownership of the last remaining vacant lot in the city. The time is 1902, and emulating their elders, they approach warfare with dignity, establishing rules by which honorable men will abide as they seek to destroy one another.

Assaf Dayan and Anjelica Huston are the young lovers living amid the desolation of war-torn Europe in John Huston's film A Walk With Love and Death.

The lead roles are played by English boys. The remainder of the cast is Hungarian, bringing an authenticity to the setting, especially that "grund," the vacant lot with its large, wide dirt area for games and its high stacks of wood for exploring and hiding.

Boys is not a "children's" film, in the usual sense. There is no playing to the masses; Fred McMurray does not come in and build a Scout hut. In fact, the city does what it finally does to all vacant lots—it digs up the playing field and constructs an office building.

Meanwhile, children's films about little cars and big dogs make money; and **The Boys of Paul Street** is quietly forgotten. If this fact bothers you, write to 20th Century Fox (444 West 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019). Maybe all they need is encouragement.

—James M. Wall

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

November 21, 10-11 p.m., EST on NBC—Prudentiol's *On Stoge* (title to be onnounced).

November 28, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on ABC—*How Life Begins* (rerun).

November 30, 9-10 p.m., EST on CBS—Simon ond Gorfunkel.

November (dote to be onnounced) on ABC—*Inflation* (its impoct on food, medicine, housing, ond so forth).

December 1, 8-9 p.m., EST on NBC—*Burlesque Is Alive ond Living in Burbonk* with Rowon ond Martin.

December 1, 9:30-11 p.m., EST on CBS—CBS Ployhouse: *"I Like It, I Reolly Do!"*

December 2, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EST on CBS—*Notionol Geogrophic* Speciol: *Siberio.*

December 4, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on ABC—Jocques Cousteou Speciol: *The Desert Wholes* (rerun).

December 5, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer.*

December 6, 7:30-9 p.m., EST on NBC—Hollmork Holl of Fome: *The Littlest Angel.*

December 7, 7-7:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*Charlie Brown's Christmas.* Hos o very fine recitotion of Luke's Christmos story.

December 7, 7:30-8 p.m., EST on CBS—*Frosty the Snowman.*

December 14, 7-9 p.m., EST on NBC—*Hans Brinker.*

December 18, 7:30-8 p.m., EST on NBC—*The Little Drummer Boy.*

December 19, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—News Speciol: *Sohoro.*

December (dotes to be onnounced) on ABC—*The Unfinished Journey of Robert Kennedy* (film never before shown publicly); *Missian Possible* (whot America could occomplish in the '70s using same determinotion thot it did on moon project); *The Legend of Silent Night* (filmed in the chopel on the spot where the corol wos first heord 151 yeors ogo.)

Teens

By DALE WHITE

I MET Ellen Shaffer in Washington, D.C. She was just finishing a summer working for the United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns. I asked her why she wanted to spend her summer with a church social-action agency in our nation's capital. She handed me the speech she gave as valedictorian of her graduating class in Chesterland, Ohio. This is part of what she said:

"My generation has often been called idealistic. Just what are the ideals which are so important to us? What are the goals over which we stir so much commotion? I, of course, cannot pretend to speak for all youth. We, like any other group, hold many different opinions within our ranks. But I will try to discuss the ideals which I feel are distinctive of my generation—distinctive not because they are held by all but because this generation is noted for its zeal in struggling for them.

"Certainly freedom is one goal we are seeking—freedom to express ourselves, to be creative, to be individuals. We want this freedom not just for ourselves but for all those who are trying to gain rights which have long been denied them. We view with scorn the denial of freedom to the blacks, which has continued for so many years in a country which holds freedom as one of its highest treasures.

"We want justice, and, again, especially for those who have been oppressed. We reject the doctrine of strict maintenance of order when it reaches the point of denying justice.

"We of course seek peace, and want a society directed toward peace rather than militarism. Defense of our own nation is important, but we question the necessity for military involvement all over the world.

"Most important, we place a high value on individual human lives; not just our lives, not just American lives, but the lives of all men throughout the world. We value people more than possessions or political dogmas. This is why we oppose the Viet Nam war. This is why we abhor tough 'law and order' policies which place more value on property rights than human rights. This is why we condemn the bureaucratic systems which reduce persons to numbers and statistics.

"Not all young people are concerned with putting these ideals into action. Some probably have never even thought about them. But our generation is obviously concerned to a greater degree than those of the recent past, and idealism is a distinctive feature of today's rebellious youth.

"I cannot tell what the future will do to me and my generation or what we will do to the future. All I can say is what I hope. I hope we will not simply conform to society as we grow older. I hope we will continue to question, to probe, to seek the truth. And I hope we will not let our ideals gradually fade away, but will put them into constructive action to better the world."

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"Last night just before I went to sleep, I prayed that if I asked you for a date, you'd accept. Sort of puts you on the spot, doesn't it?"

I am home after the most disappointing day of my life. I am a preacher's daughter but have never considered myself what they call a "holy roller."

This year we had one of the largest youth groups in the conference and the largest in the district. My UMYF group (we have a one-grade arrangement at night, too) was the largest in the church, averaging around 16 or 20 a week. In the total groups, we had almost 60 every week. After UMYF everyone would go to church. After church we would all stand around talking.

Well, tonight, in my group there were 15 including counselors, and in church two teen-agers, my sister and myself! No counselors even attended. I nearly cried. I guess if the drop-off had been little by little, like Sunday school, it wouldn't have been such a shock.

So, I want to urge all the youth to get back in church—it's really fun to get together! Don't you think so?—E.G.

I surely do!

Q&A

This boy whom I like very much is mad at me for some reason unknown to me. Last summer he came over every night to play records, ride bikes, talk, or to go for a walk. One weekend he went with Mom, Dad, my younger brother, and me to the lakes. About two or three weeks after this I had to go to my grandmother's for about four days. When I left he said that he'd see me when I got home. When I did get back he was mad and would only talk to my friend.

I have asked him why he was mad and the only answer I got was that he wasn't mad. I apologized to him once by saying, "I apologize to you for whatever I did to make you mad." He did not know what to say. That was the last time I talked to him.

One day his friend told me the reason the boy didn't like me was because I was fat. I went on a diet and lost over 25 pounds. Everyone says how nice I look, but I don't think he has noticed.

We go to the same school. We have study hall together three times a week. Every once in a while when I look up, I see him watching me. Sometimes, when I am in a good mood, I say "Hi" to him. Every time I get a cold stare in return. What is going on?—D.W.

The mental processes of the male of our species are wondrously complex. Any number of inner dramas could be going on which explain his anger:

"I really like her, but if I get too serious about a girl right now I'll probably neglect my studies or do something foolish."

"In this school once you look at a girl twice everybody sentences you to go steady with her for the next million years, and I don't want to get pinned down."

"She is so far above me it isn't even funny; if she ever gets to know me she will see what a boring dope I really am."

"I don't even know how to kiss a girl; if I tried anything with her she'd probably laugh at me, or we'd get our braces locked or something."

"Boy! You take one look at her and she's throwing herself at you forever after; she's beautiful, but she's so eager it scares the daylights out of me."

"Something must be the matter with me; people have done so many mean things to me in the past that now when I want to like somebody I end up getting mad instead."

"She's nice, but maybe I can do better."

That is only a little hint at all the possible combinations. Now do you see why you need to be patient and let him work it out by himself? Pushing from your side will only make things worse.

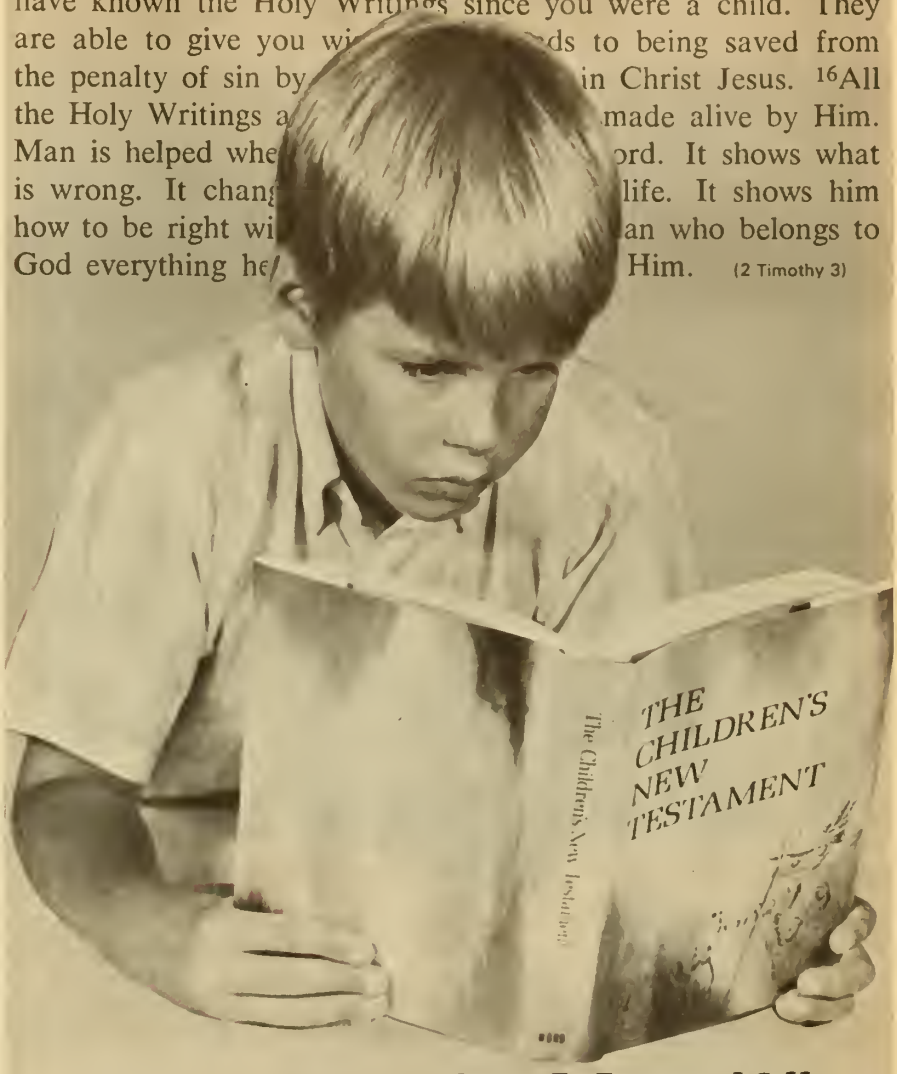
Aren't you missing the boat? You told a girl in the June issue of *Teens* that the cure for her problems (which included hunger for sexual intercourse and LSD) was companionship with a reliable person! Have you forgotten Jesus Christ? Or is it that perhaps you have never had a personal relationship with him?

Did you know that Jesus Christ died for our sins and that if a person receives Christ into his life he is a new creation (1 Peter 3:18, 2 Corinthians 5:17)? If this girl would have a personal encounter with Jesus, he could solve all her problems. This is what young people need. I *know*; I'm 18.—E.K.

Quite often people write, especially adults, to say, "Why don't you direct young people to God? Jesus Christ is the answer to all human problems. If youth would just turn to him, their problems would vanish."

I do not give this advice because young people know it isn't true. God does not reach down with a magic disintegrator and "zap" all

14 But as for you, hold on to what you have learned and know to be true. Remember where you learned them. 15 You have known the Holy Writings since you were a child. They are able to give you wi ds to being saved from the penalty of sin by in Christ Jesus. 16 All the Holy Writings a made alive by Him. Man is helped whe ord. It shows what is wrong. It chang life. It shows him how to be right wi an who belongs to God everything he/ Him. (2 Timothy 3)



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our problems. Jesus did not promise smooth sailing along the entire route. In fact, he promised a cross. He called us to follow him into the way of courageous caring—a way which sometimes leads to suffering. The young people who write saying they have lost faith in God because he did not fix something have missed the point of the Christian gospel.

Young people do write with glowing testimony that they met God in their own experience. During a time of terrible grief, loneliness, or pain his Spirit was a real presence which gave them strength and patience. Or God entered their lives through an understanding person or an inspiring group which brought new insight, wise counsel in the midst of crisis, or warm companionship.

We worship God as he became flesh through the person of Jesus Christ, and as his Spirit moves within the community of dedicated persons. Is it surprising that young people should meet him most vividly through the ministry of Christlike persons?

Q&A

I am a girl, 13. My problem is my mother. She recently cut off practically all of my privileges, and she won't let me handle money. This is really bugging me because she and the assistant principal are trying to run my life. She cut off my money because I smoke and she wants me to stop. But with her for a mother, I'll soon be taking drugs. She said if I get into one more bit of trouble, she'll send me to a home. I don't think this is fair. Do you think it is?—R.I.

Has it occurred to you that your mother may not be your problem? Your problem may be *you*. The signs at country railroad crossings read: Stop! Look! Listen! Maybe you need practice in all three.

•

Tell Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. —*Your Editors*

BOOKS

IT WAS December, 1966, in Delhi, India. A woman rounded the wall of a tall building and found herself gazing at a big Christmas tree near the door of the United States embassy. How merry it would be in there, she thought wistfully. At home she could only celebrate New Year's.

The woman was Svetlana Alliluyeva, only daughter of the Russian dictator Joseph Stalin. She had left Russia to bring the ashes of her husband to his family, and before another year was over she would have astounded the world by asking for political asylum in that very United States embassy. With her, in the small suitcase she would bring, was a manuscript that was to become *Twenty Letters to a Friend*, a book that challenged Soviet claims that Russia had changed after Stalin's death and despotism was no more.

By December, 1967, Mrs. Alliluyeva was beginning a new life in the United States. It was not without its sadness, for she had left two children behind her, a son, grown and married, and a daughter still in her teens. And she had been closely tied to her friends. Deciding to turn her back on all she knew and loved was hard and painful. She does not use the excuse that she had a message for the outside world. She says, in **Only One Year** (Harper & Row, $7.95):

"I am so tired of grim, suspicious, frightened men and women, who talk in whispers, who conceal and hide things, who believe no one—not even themselves; tired of distrustful malice, pessimism, deceit, and self-deception, of enforced double-facedness that has become second nature to all those who live in the communist world . . . do not try to convince us, who have left Russia, that Russia has achieved great progress in the last 50 years. When it comes to 'progress,' kindly allow us to know better."

And so Svetlana Alliluyeva made the decision for freedom, as so many immigrants to the New World have made it before her. *Only* One Year is her story of how she made it. Deeply human and unashamedly emotional, it will become a part of our national heritage.

Driving back to Illinois from Colorado and Wyoming this summer, I tried to visualize how the plains of Nebraska and Iowa must have looked to the first white men who saw them. I got home to find that photographer Ingvard Henry Eide had done this for me in **American Odyssey** (Rand McNally, $14.95 before Christmas; $19.95 after).

This book is the magnificent photographic record of the land Meriwether Lewis and William Clark discovered when they set off with 31 men to explore the newly purchased Louisiana Territory and find the most direct and practical water communication across the continent. Eide, who served as editor as well as photographer, gives us portions of the original journals of the expedition instead of any historian's record, and the result is completely satisfying.

"What a land they saw!" comments novelist A. B. Guthrie, Jr., in a brief introduction. "What an empire, stretching from the Falls of the Ohio or St. Louis—depending on your reckoning—to the misty mouth of the far Columbia! . . . How bring home the awe of finding rivers never charted, much less named, of lifting eyes to mountains not imagined, of gazing dizzy over plains and prairies beyond the little measurements of woodsmen?" How indeed, but with a camera in the hands of a

Lewis and Clark and their men spent Christmas, 1805, on the Oregon Coast. The day was wet and disagreeable. Picture by Ingvard Henry Eide in American Odyssey.

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Lyle E. Schaller, who is interviewed in an article beginning on page 7 of this issue, is the author of **The Impact of the Future** (Abingdon, $4.75), which analyzes the effect that changes in American society are going to have on the church of tomorrow.

It is no crystal ball Dr. Schaller looks into. Rather, he considers decentralization of population, the generation gap, alienation and protest, the growing black population, changes in family structure, and other identifiable trends in terms of what they are going to mean to the church during the rest of this century.

This clearly stated and soundly based look into the future will be an aid to churchmen on local, denominational, and ecumenical levels.

Winfield Townley Scott was a major poet, but his personal notebooks have an appeal that reaches far beyond other poets or poetry lovers. **"a dirty hand"** (University of Texas Press, $4.75) contains such pungent observations as: ". . . I think sincerity always admirable, even if insane." Or: "I am sorry for people who are always busy. Apparently they have nothing better to do."

Scott warned against poems that have news value and expressed the goal of the artist as: "Not to make something 'beautiful' but something true—which in time will be beautiful."

I could go on, but read this book yourself if the samples make you want more. Scott's good friend Merle Armitage discovered the notebooks when he was visiting the Scott home in Santa Fe, N.Mex., and got Scott's promise to have them published, but not, the poet specified, until after his death. Scott also gave the to-be published book its enigmatic title.

When someone comes out of a stroke unable to speak, write, spell, figure, or read, it is a severe shock to the whole family. This condition is aphasia. Until recently patients suffering strokes severe enough to cause it did not live long enough for it to attract the speech pathologist's attention. In fact, the entire specialty of aphasiology has come into existence since World War II.

In November, 1963, TOGETHER carried a story by the wife of an aphasia victim who had lost his speech and ability to write accurately. But Ben McBride was lucky. His mind remained keen and agile, and he had a wife with rare insight, determination, and courage. Together Ben and Carmen McBride visited clinics. They studied medical books and magazines, and when they found the medical language too technical, Carmen wrote personally to speech pathologists.

Ben did not regain his ability to talk, but he and Carmen learned to communicate with each other so effectively that he was able to remain in control of his farm and business interests and live so that he was an inspiration to those who knew him. It was his idea that they should write a book, and Carmen set to work on it in earnest after his death. First she rewrote an article they had worked on, and this was the story that was in TOGETHER. Reprints she sent to specialists convinced them she could write a book that would help other aphasia victims' families.

I heard from her several times as she worked on the manuscript, and when it began the round of publishers, she told me as one after another said no. This was a specialized book, they told her, one that would not fit into many publishing programs. At last one wise publisher said yes, and **Silent Victory** (Nelson-Hall, $5.95) is finally in print. It is a simple, inspiring, interesting narrative that has something of value to say about the relationship of husbands and wives as well as about the way to meet disability positively.

Two outstanding Bible-story books have appeared within the last 12 months, and either would be a fine addition to a family library.

The Taize Picture Bible (Fortress Press, $4.95) gives us 143 stories from the Old and New Testaments of The Jerusalem Bible. These are allustrated by strong, stylized watercolor paintings by Brother Eric de Saussure of the Taize Community, a French Protestant renewal center dedicated to Christian unity and service to the world.

The New Testament comes to life in the **Bible for Children, With Songs and Plays, Volume II: New Testament**, published by the Westminster Press ($4.95). The author of this excellent book for the younger members of the family is J. L. Klink, a Dutch minister who also happens to be a woman. The artist, Amsterdam art teacher, Piet Klaasse, was a founder of a center for child art. Together he and Dr. Klink have created a New Testament for children that stimulates the eye as well as the mind and soul.

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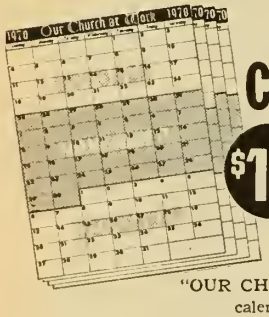

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pipes gush. It rains over fields and ponds, and on rivers racing to the sea. But inside, a child cherishes her coziness and knows that tomorrow new plants will grow, birds will bathe in the streets, and she will run barefoot in puddles and jump over pieces of sky in the gutter.

Uri Shulevitz has created a book for the very young that reflects a saying by Lao Tzu: "Without going out of my door I know the universe." Children who receive **Rain Rain Rivers** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $4.50) for Christmas will be very, very fortunate.

The books about Christmas I have seen this year do not look very different from books in other years.

The Nativity (Doubleday, $7.95) illustrates passages from the King James Version of the Bible with color pictures of the 18th-century Neapolitan creche that Loretta Hines Howard presented to New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1964. These are followed by a commentary on the creche and the legends and customs surrounding it by Olga Raggio, the museum's curator of Western European arts. The publisher designed this book for young people, but all members of the family will enjoy it.

The Trees of Christmas (Abingdon, $7.95) gives us color pictures of 23 Christmas trees from various lands. Text by Edna Metcalfe tells about legends and Christmas customs that are associated with them, and there are detailed descriptions of how to make the decorations.

Christmas: A Pictorial Pilgrimage (Abingdon, $7.95) centers on pictures of Christian churches and chapels in the Holy Land. This book's senior editor was Pierre Benoit, a French priest and an authority on biblical archaeology. He had the help of German pastor Konrad Leube as associate editor and Elhanan Hagolani, member of the faculty of Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., as editorial director. In their foreword they make this observation: "Though historically questionable, the holy places retain their importance because of the continuity of prayer there."

Caustic-witted British columnist Malcolm Muggeridge, well known to Americans through frequent television appearances, was a socialist in his youth, has been a thoroughgoing atheist, and never in his life has been a church member. But now, at 66, he has written a deeply felt spiritual autobiography that puts the emphasis on the realization that despite all the shortcomings of organized religion, Jesus Christ and the Gospels have the meaning he sought for half a century.

Jesus Rediscovered (Doubleday, $5.95) is an almost lyrical expression of the belief of a mature man.

Foreign correspondent Edmond Taylor says that what he finds most hopeful in the crisis of our age is that it is so deep and universal. All countries, he points out in **Awakening From History** (Gambit, Inc., $8.95), are haunted by the same nightmares of planetary holocaust, generalized famine, and environmental spoilage.

A Missourian who went to Paris in 1928 and has been, successively, Paris correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*, Columbia Broadcasting System, and *The Reporter*, Taylor has seen history shaped over 40 years.

Awakening From History is an absorbing book because it is a reporter's frontline view of great events. It is important because Taylor, in telling of his own intellectual journey, speaks for many other Americans. At first, he says, he swung between extremes of unjustified hope and despair. Now he believes he is more realistic, an open-minded skeptic, less and less confident of the grand schemes we concoct for human betterment but steadily more sure of man's potential for bettering himself.

The changing climate of public opinion about the war in Viet Nam is fully apparent in **Who We Are** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.95, cloth; $2.95 paper). Articles on the war that have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* since 1966, have been edited and connected by a framework of related argument and analysis by *Atlantic* editor-in-chief Robert Manning and *Atlantic* editor Michael Janeway.

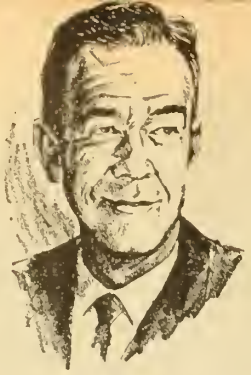
Before his death Dwight D. Eisenhower edited portions of his four previous books for **In Review** (Doubleday, $7.95) and selected the pictures to accompany them. These included some from the Eisenhower family album that had not been published previously.

This informal, conversational record reflects the simplicity, dignity, integrity, and humanness of the Kansas boy who became a general, a president of the United States, and a symbol of uprightness and goodness even to those who disagreed with him.

John Bailey has selected a third series of **Great Cartoons of the World** (Crown, $4.95), again proving that humor is international. One of my favorites is Robert Day's drawing of the startled father who discovers his daughter's hair is longer than her skirt.

—*Helen Johnson*

Fiction



NOVELS about off-beat families come along once in a while and when they are good, they are unforgettable. They can easily be overdone, however, and from these attempts to portray "characters" we get something artificial and strained. Characters are great when there is a flash of eccentricity or genius, but a steady diet of it for 300 pages is certain to bog down.

The announcement of such a book is enough to make a fellow shudder. I think of a book a friend of mine has written. It is funny and if you just pick it up now and again to read a few pages, it is full of charm; but to sit down and read it through at a sitting is more than a man can endure, and the funniest lines turn to ashes.

When I received an announcement about a book that was "the funniest British first novel since *Billy Liar*," I did not rise and cheer, but I did read it. Now I report that while I do not know whether it is funnier than *Billy Liar* since I never read that book, it is a very funny British story about a British family.

A TOUCH OF DANIEL by Peter Tinniswood (*Doubleday, $5.95*) walks a narrow line between satire and slapstick with a rare skill and perception. This is a yarn about a north-of-England household and family called the Brandons. There are some wild happenings told with such simplicity that the reader forgets how wild they really are. Take this opening sentence of the book, for example: "When Auntie Edna fell off the bus, she landed on her pate and remained unconscious for 63 days. At the end of this period she died, and they had a funeral." Not a word about the sorrow and the tragedy but with a little imagination one reads this account with such sympathy that he must go on and find out what this story is all about.

Uncle Mort who was Auntie Edna's husband comes to live with the Brandons. A little later Auntie Lil's husband, Uncle Bob, is fatally injured in a piano accident. There being a shortage of room, it finally turns out that Uncle Mort and Auntie Lil have to share the same bedroom. And to everybody's astonishment sometime later, Auntie Lil is going to have a baby.

This book is full of Carter Brandon's love problems with Pat, Mr. Brandon's difficulty with love letters he receives, and Mrs. Brandon's big heart. She takes into the home—in spite of it being already full—Uncle Stavely and his close friend, Corporal Parkinson, from the old folks home. This is one of those open, sympathetic environments where anybody who is in trouble, especially if related to the family, is expected to come in and join the crowd.

The title comes from Aunt Lil's baby who is named Daniel. The influence he has on the household and his almost magical touch is one of the real influences on a number of people.

After I had finished reading the book, I was not exactly sure what I thought about all the incidents. The general impression, however, is of human nature at its most foolish and also at its best. These are just common folks reacting as they usually do without thought of duty or high morality but always in terms of human emotion and human concern. All of us need *A Touch of Daniel* every once in awhile to bring us face-to-face with the revelation of divinity in the midst of our commonplace. When we get down to the level of ordinary behavior, we are astounded at the flashes of divinity and greatness within it. This is Peter Tinniswood's first novel and he is off to a good start.

ALL LIE IN WAIT by William Samelson (*Prentice Hall, $5.95*) is another tragic story of the Second World War and the fate suffered by the Jews. Maybe it would be a good idea to read this book just in case memory of the nazi evil has grown dim. How easily these things are forgotten. So a professor at San Antonio College in Texas writes this first novel based upon personal experiences.

At the beginning the cry of the Jews for help from their kinsmen in America is passed by. Nobody believes it is going to be as bad as threatened. Then come the tragic tales of cruelty to men, women, and children. There is the gradual realization that to resist and die is to be preferred over survival by meeting the impossible demands of Hitler's men. Just to read of these things again opens up the wounds every decent person felt long ago. It must be done, however. I wish that every person who speaks critically now against Israel and berates impossible demands being made by Judaism would become aware once more of the background of this terrifying holocaust.

This is a story of bravery and heartbreak, and I doubt that any person can read it with any pleasure. I shall never forget the quotation I saw at the Memorial of Witness and Warning in Jerusalem. An 18-century Jewish teacher said: "Forgetfulness prolongs the exile: remembrance is the secret of redemption." If we are to be redeemed from acquiescing to policies that lead to genocide, then we will have to remember where anti-Semitism leads and what it did in Germany before the war and in occupied countries during the war.

It seems obvious that this book comes from tragic personal experience. William Samelson is describing things he knows. Once again, it came home to me that the great testimony to God has been proclaimed by the Jews whose life has been one long, sad story of suffering. Yet, so infused with the spirit of the eternal God are they, that their story is one great testimony of faith.

So, read the first book I reviewed for some fun and read the second one because this man's testimony must not go unheard and unheeded. Fiction entertains us, but fiction also can illuminate the dark places of our minds.

A Touch of Daniel is fun. *All Lie in Wait* is sheer tragedy. And that is life.

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church

The Day It Really Wasn't Christmas

WHEN Carrie Lee opened her eyes the next morning, everything was new and different. Her bed was bigger, her room was bigger, and for a little while she could not remember where she was. Then she remembered flying in the sky with Mother, Daddy, and little Cathy, and finally meeting her grandmother and grandfather in the crowded airport.

Although it was daylight, she could tell that the sun wasn't shining. It was very quiet and dim in the big house when she climbed out of bed. She put on her pink robe and quietly opened the bedroom door.

Something soft and yellow slipped in and sat looking into her big brown eyes with his big green eyes.

"Hi, Mister Cat!" Carrie Lee whispered, and knew for certain that this would be one of her "Hi, Mister!" days. Sometimes she had "Good morning, everybody!" days, or simply "Hello!" days, but she liked the "Hi, Mister!" days best of all and wished she had them more often.

Mister Cat stretched, yawned, and let Carrie rub his back before he led the way to the next bedroom. Carrie Lee peeped in.

"Hi, Mister Cathy!" she said, and giggled at the thought of saying such a funny thing to her baby sister.

Cathy opened her eyes and said "Mmmm—daddnn—" which Carrie Lee supposed was "good morning" in baby talk, although she had never heard such a word before.

"This is where Grandma and Paw-paw live 'way up in Iowa," Carrie Lee told Cathy. "It is different here than it is in Arizona."

To find out how different it was, she ran to the window at the top of the stairs. When she saw only brown grass, brown fields, and corn wigwams stacked around a big red barn, Carrie Lee wrinkled her nose and frowned. Mother and Daddy said Iowa would look just like a Christmas card. But everything was bare and cold looking. She missed the sand, palm trees, and sunshine.

"This isn't a very good 'Hi, Mister!' day, after all," she thought as she ran down the stairs toward the kitchen. She skidded to a stop at one door, though, and saw the tall green Christmas tree looming in its dark corner. The pretty red, yellow, and blue lights were turned off this morning, but she could still see that there were many packages under the tree, and in the window stood some doll figures around a baby in a tiny manger.

Carrie Lee could have said, "Hi, Mister Christmas Tree!" or "Hi, Mister Baby Jesus!" but she decided to be rude and didn't say anything. She was almost rude when her grandfather swept her into his arms, but did say, "'Morning, Paw-paw!" although she pretended to be too sleepy to say anything else, even to her mother, father, and grandmother sitting at the kitchen table.

Then, as Carrie Lee poured golden syrup on a big stack of pancakes, she asked: "Is it Christmas yet?"

"Not yet," her grandmother said, pouring the milk.

Carrie Lee looked out at the cold cloudy sky and the bare ground, and was barely hungry enough to eat all of her pancakes.

"I don't see any snow, Daddy," she said. "You said it would snow for me in Iowa."

Her father smiled, and looked at his wrist watch.

"All right, young lady. Give me one hour, and I will see what I can arrange for a little girl who has never seen snow in her whole life."

But it was only a few minutes before her grandfather pulled the curtains aside, and said:

"Here it comes, just as the weatherman said."

Carrie Lee ran to the window and pressed her nose against the cold glass. At first she could see only a few bread-crumb flakes drifting down. Then the flakes became bigger, and whirled against the side of the house.

"Isn't it pretty, Carrie Lee?" her mother asked.

Carrie Lee thought it was the prettiest sight she had ever seen.

"Hi, Mister Snowflake!" she said to one especially big flake that looked like a marshmallow floating out of the dark sky.

Later she went outside with her grandfather and let the snowflakes fall on her eyelashes, and tickle her nose. She watched the corn wigwams turn into funny looking snowmen who guarded the barn. She made snowballs and ran to hand one to her grandmother.

"Now is it really Christmas, Grandma?"

"Not really, Carrie Lee. This is only Dec. 24."

"It seems like Christmas to me," Carrie Lee said, "All day long it will seem like Christmas."

Her grandmother's eyes laughed. "Maybe you will always remember this day as your most wonderful Christmas present. It is like a miracle, isn't it, all the beautiful snow falling from the sky?"

Mother said: "Everyone has a special Christmas sometimes, even when it isn't really Christmas."

"Yes," Grandmother said. "My special Christmas was last night at the airport, Carrie Lee, when I hugged you and Cathy, and you gave me a big kiss. But the real Christmas for everybody won't be until tomorrow. That day we remember as the day Baby Jesus was born."

When Carrie Lee was tucked in her big bed in the big room that night, she said: "Mommy, the whole world looks like the fluffy cloud tops we flew over on the way from Arizona." And before she closed her eyes she thought of the Baby in the manger, and she knew that tomorrow would be the real, real Christmas.

It would not be a "Hi, Mister!" day, or even a "Good morning, everybody!" day. It would be a "Happy Birthday, Baby Jesus!" day for everybody, everywhere.

—Herman B. Teeter

Carrie Lee wrinkled her nose and frowned. Her mother and daddy had said Iowa would look just like a Christmas card. But everything was cold and bare.

Jottings

TOGETHER has a new editor. He is Dr. **Curtis A. Chambers**, 45, pastor-journalist, and assistant to the editorial director since last January. He has been acting editor of the magazine since Richard C. Underwood accepted a post with Boston University last July, and he is TOGETHER's third editor since it was founded under Leland D. Case in 1956.

Dr. Chambers

Announcement of Dr. Chambers' election followed a meeting of the Board of Publication of The United Methodist Church in New York last October.

A native of Ohio, he was pastor of former Evangelical United Brethren churches in Cleveland, Ohio, and Harrisburg, Pa., before becoming editor of EUB adult publications in 1959. He was executive editor of *Church and Home*, EUB family magazine published at Dayton, Ohio, when the two churches were united in 1968.

An amiable man who took his doctorate in pastoral counseling at Temple University in 1960, he is married to the former Anna June Winn of Alliance, Ohio. They have three sons and a daughter, and reside in Arlington Heights, Ill.

Prior to coming here from Dayton, Dr. Chambers was coeditor of the *Plan of Union* which became *The Book of Discipline* of United Methodism. Busy as he is in the ministry of the printed word, he finds time to indulge in a variety of hobbies and interests. Among them is photography (he once worked as a laboratory technician for Eastman Kodak); and when the weather is bright and calm, you may find him high in the sky (he has been a licensed pilot since 1947).

Are you, by any chance, interested in deltiology?

We aren't—or, if we were, we weren't aware of it. The word just came in a few moments ago and hit us from the blind side. For that you can blame Mrs. **Ruth L. Kent**, author of *It Is Not Irreverent to Use 'Merry Xmas'* [page 42], who tells us deltiology is one of her hobbies.

In other words, she collects postcards. And, as an associate editor of *Webster's New World Dictionary*, she might be expected to have a word for it.

"I had the good luck to apply when there was an opening on the dictionary staff," she says. "It was a lifelong dream come true.

"However, to the vast amusement of my children, the first word for which I was obliged to write a definition . . . was a slang term I had scolded my daughter for using during her high-school years. I'll never live it down."

She doesn't say what word it was. (Cool? Gross? Hip?) Anyway, we're glad that dictionaries are beginning to catch up with the words kids use or invent. Dictionaries paid no attention to our favorite boyhood expressions.

So here we are again this month riding off in another direction from what we intended to do when we sat down at the typewriter. Departing on the dictionary tangent naturally put us to thinking about the wonder of words in general. Since this is TOGETHER's Christmas issue, we decided to look up the word "Christmas" just for fun. And what do you think? Christmas is defined in 33 words, but it takes 45 words to define "Christmas Club."

Again, words—written words in particular—are what *New Victories in an Old War* [page 31] is all about. Associate editor **Martha A. Lane**, who says this is one of her favorite assignments, began researching the article more than a year ago. Naturally, she hoped it would prove both informative and helpful to our readers.

What she hardly expected was that the literacy work started by Dr. Frank Laubach 40 years ago would inspire her to embark on a similar crusade on Chicago's teeming North Side.

"When I learned there were almost 500,000 in my state who couldn't read or write English, I wanted to do something to help," Marti says.

Although frightened by the unknowns involved, she took a nine-hour Laubach training course, and then helped set up a literacy program in a predominantly Spanish-speaking neighborhood. She began spending two nights a week helping eager students learn to read English.

One of her students was Maria, an attractive, dark-eyed housewife from Ecuador who already knew a little English.

"When we first met, Maria was as shy as I was scared," Marti says. "But little things put us more and more at ease. Last week, for example, I was trying to explain the difference between 'sing' and 'say,' which sounded the same to her. I'd describe the meaning and I'd ask: 'Do you understand?' and she always said, ever so softly:

" 'Yes, I *think* so.'

"But I could tell that Maria didn't really understand. Finally I said, 'This is "sing" '—and, somewhat embarrassed, I did sing a measure or two.

"Maria burst into smiles and exclaimed: 'Oh, like *song*, yes?' "

Yes, like song, Marti—and another small victory in an old, old war.

—*Your Editors*

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TOGETHER's 14th Photo Invitational:

'Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee'

Mrs. Dorothy Bennett, Pewaukee, Wis.

—Lloyd G. Tofte, Fargo, N. Dak.

All Thy works with joy surround Thee,
Earth and heav'n reflect Thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around Thee,
Center of unbroken praise;
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Flowery meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain,
Call us to rejoice in Thee.

WE WON'T be surprised if this second stanza from *Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee* inspires more than its share of color photographs. Rich in imagery, it is virtually the heart of a song of praise for nature's bounty, and suggests a variety of subjects for at least two schools of photographers—those who use a closeup lens or those whose eyes search out scenic landscapes.

About half of our large family of photographers seem to specialize in pictures of flowers, dewdrops, icicles, leaves, frost patterns and wildlife; the others like to focus on mountains, snowstorms, meadows, and waterfalls.

Whatever your interests, you will find the Rev. Henry van Dyke's poem-hymn full of picture possibilities. We will pay $35 for each color slide used...whether your picture was snapped in the dead of winter or in the more verdant world of seasons past.

HERE ARE THE RULES:

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies. (Color prints or negatives are not eligible.)
2. Identify each slide; explain what portion of the hymn inspired it, where it was taken, and by whom.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage. (Do not stick stamps on anything.)
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1970.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights to them become TOGETHER's property. (For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of all slides purchased.)
6. Slides not accepted will be returned as soon as possible. Care will be used in handling transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged.

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VOLUME 13, NUMBER 12 SUPPLEMENT TO TOGETHER DECEMBER, 1969

Project Equality Getting Methodist Support

Ministry to Addicts Set

Mr. Jones

Grace Church, Wyckoff, in Northern N.J., offers a ministry to drug addicts and provides educational leadership in the field through the Rev. Donald Jones, who joined the staff at conference time. He developed his program while serving Madison Park and Simpson Churches, Paterson.

Mr. Jones helped plan the 1st Interfaith Conference of Clergymen on Drug Abuse, held early this fall at Rutgers in New Brunswick, with 90 in attendance.

From the beginning the effort has had the cooperation of the Bureau of Community Services, Rutgers; the Bureau of Narcotics Addiction and Drug Abuse; the Dept. of N.J. Institutions; and the state's attorney general.

Directors of a permanent committee to gear in with state programs and inform the public about the social crisis and individual danger are, besides Mr. Jones, the Rev. Carl Ehrhart, of Lutheran Welfare; the Rev. William Fox, assistant general secretary of the N.J. Council of Churches; and the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Theodore Opdenaker, of the Catholic Welfare Bureau in Trenton.

The Wyckoff cleric has a steady round of educational programs in schools, before service clubs, and for WSCS and United Methodist Men's groups.

'Together' Again!

Many N.J. churches still are accepting church plan subscriptions at $3 per year. You couldn't give anybody a better Christmas gift for the price. Sign up?

Two meetings of N.J. clergy—with United Methodist pastors out in force—indicate that the Catholic-initiated program for racial justice in business and industry is well established.

Dr. Sayre

About 300 representatives of eight denominational groups met at the Haddonfield Church September 30. Dr. Charles A. Sayre, pastor, welcomed them and explained that Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., vice-president of the N.J. corporation, was out of the country at the time.

So, N.J. superintendents Atkinson and Friedrich led discussion groups, after an introduction by James S. Henderson, Jr., executive director for the N.J. branch.

The following day, at Mother Seton High School in Clark, N.J., ministers from throughout Northern N.J. assembled for a repeat briefing. Archbishop Thomas A. Boland, chairman, spoke, and Superintendent George Watt, Jr., represented Bishop Taylor.

Endorsed by the General Conference of United Methodism, Project Equality seeks to enroll participating institutions and their suppliers who pledge themselves not to discriminate against minority groups in empolyment practices.

At North Jersey information-meet, Plainfield United Methodist Pastor W. Gordon Lowden points out that Project Equality, if it is to succeed, must have honest aid from local church.

In conference at Clark confab, leaders, left to right: The Rev. George Watt, Jr., Archbishop Boland, and director Henderson, agree that many more churches and businesses should join up.

NEWSMAKERS: AUTUMN '69

Mr. Silber

Dr. Stowe

Mr. Wiley

Bedecked was **Mrs. Morris Blanding,** who won no less than 16 blue ribbons at the annual flower show of the Wycoff Garden Club.

Mayor's Award for "Most Valuable Player" in Audubon Major Little League went to **Richard Carlucci** of Haddonfield church school.

Drew graduate and student minister at Grace Church, Kearny "a-ways back," the **Rev. Frederick R. Silber** is now supervising chaplain for the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, responsible for 60 chaplains of all three major faiths, ministering to 30 federal correctional institutions.

Just in time for the holidays is an anthem, *Ring Out, Wild Bells,* written by multimusician, **Condit R. Atkinson,** Middelsex College teacher and member of Trinity Church, Highland Park. (Free plug: Hope Co. publishes it.)

At Perth Amboy, the Business and Professional Women's Club named **Miss Ruth Waterbor,** school psychologist and Simpson Church member its "Woman of the Year."

Speaker at Ridgewood, NNJ "International Dinner" and Sunday morning preacher on International Sunday was **Dr. David M. Stowe,** former missionary to China, now head of Overseas Ministries for the National Council of Churches.

New students at Stevens Institute, Hoboken, is **Gregory** Hall, of West Grove-Neptune, one of 30 from New Jersey and New York selected by National Science Foundation to study computers.

Theodore Sorenson, biographer of President Kennedy and likely senatorial candidate in 1970, addressed Drew University's College Academic Forum, October 12.

International engineer, **Dr. Ralph C. Roe,** of Englewood First Church, received for his desalinization processes, power plant design, and example of "self-taught technology" the George Washington Gold Medal for 1969.

New Jersey Area director of Christian Higher Education and Campus Ministry, the **Rev. Stanley E. Wiley,** is presently working out over the state from his residence at 100 Third Ave., Atlantic Highlands.

Trinity, Merchantville's **Robert W. Page** has been appointed a state judge.

Red Bankers Welcome Indian Bishop

It's not a Russian plot to subsidize Asian mystics—but just another example of the world Methodist community in which we live.

On Christian Education Sunday members of the Red Bank Church had as pulpit guest Bishop Ram Dutt Joshi of India. Once a village pastor, later a district superintendent and professor in a theological school, Bishop Joshi currently represents the Negotiating Committee for Church Union in north India, as vice-chairman.

Other events of the day included a family education dinner for 360, followed by lively parent-teacher "info-exchange."

Proud of his church-school youth is Pastor Edward B. Cheney, Jr., left, when Deon Perker and Judy Scott show Bishop R. D. Joshi the materials they study. ABOVE, RIGHT—On front steps, taking a breather with the bishop are Kevin McKnight, left, and Robert Lindsay, right.

You Said It!

"The civilized mind does not just happen. It is the consequence of earnest mental discipline and personal sacrifice in arduous study."

—Dr. Lowell M. Atkinson
Montclair

"We have been so anxious to give our children what we didn't have that we have neglected to give them what we did have."

—The Rev. G. Stanley McCleave
Central, Bridgeton

"We are in the process of dumping the excess baggage of 'religiosity' and becoming sounder in beliefs that matter."

—Ridgewood Bulletin

"Better for God's kingdom a snail that is moving than a lifelike horse and rider stuck on dead center."

—The Rev. Jas. S. McGowan
Absecon

"I don't think there can be any peace —or any real hope for lasting peace—in the world of the hungry . . . of the sick, or of the ignorant. To whatever extent we attack those problems, we help improve the chances for peaceful, orderly development of the world, rather than for increased anger, rage, and violence around the world!"

—Sen. George McGovern
United Methodist, S.Dak.

"If you have been staying away from church because there are hypocrites in it, turn from self and others, and look to the One named Jesus."

—The Rev. Fred Sharp
Hurffville, SNJ

DECEMBER, 1969 Vol. 13, No. 12
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Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

The Garden Status

PSALMIC BOOM—At Frances Childs church in West Collingswood, Sunday school classes in an attendance contest are named after rockets. Ahead at press time was the "Sergeant"—28,560 miles into space!

DIALOGARITHMS—Two ministers at St. Andrew's, Cherry Hill, announced their first dialogue sermon under the reassuring title, *Nine Steps Up is Still in the World*—from the number of chancel steps. (So are nine steps down.)

BURNING BUSH? Little tykes at Green Village were glad to have a fire drill during Sunday school. Their daddies were the laddies.

MANY LEAVES FROM . . . Long Branch MYF'ers found a new revenue, advertised themselves as "leaf-raking experts."

TOP DRAWER—At Bergenfield the WSCS had a program on the Better Business Bureau, casually invited their husbands to "drop in."

MUTE FLUTE—Pearson Memorial near Trenton is calling for a flute player ("flautist" y'know) to help out in one anthem. ASTUTE BRUIT—At Haledon near Paterson, a flute solo was played recently by Gail Archer. (Why don't you folks get together. It's only about 60 miles as the "B" flies.)

MARXMAN—While we're on the subject, Good Shepherd, Bergenfield, wants an autoharp for use in church school.

FELT GOOD—For exhibitions in the two churches, Red Bank and Morristown traded liturgical banners.

HOOK OR CROOK—Bernardsville is perking up its evangelism program, asking everybody to be a Fisherman or a Shepherd.

N.E. Jurisdiction church historians convened here and got the high sign. (J. P. and R. B. should have had such an inn, yet!)

Governor Honors Pioneer Methodist Preachers

As a tribute to Wesley's first appointees to America—and spiritual trailblazers of faith—Gov. Richard J. Hughes proclaimed the closing days of October as "Pioneer Preachers Week in N.J."

As John Wesley, Old Orchards-Cherry Hill Pastor William McElwee updates it to an urgent, standing quest: "Who will go?"

'THE NEW WILDERNESS'

Excerpts from Bishop Taylor's Dedicatory Address, Gloucester City, October 25.

"We have come a long way in America since 1769—from a foot-and-horseback culture to the moon age. Yet in human relations we are dealing with the same fundamental factors that tantalized (the pioneer preachers) and continue to baffle us. And the call is for volunteers to communicate the faith. . . .

"It is just as true today as it was in the days of Mr. Wesley that the healing balm for a sick world is a church with a competent and committed ministry. . . .

"If the church is to fulfill its ministry through qualified ministers, it must reexamine the nature of the ministry for our times. . . .

"The need for an increasing number of young men and women has never been greater than now. Yet we must never succumb to the temptation to substitute quantity for quality. . . .

"Lay preachers still occupy a significant place—particularly in the state of N.J., and on this day I salute them. Yet we must never minimize the need for men and women who can go all the way in professional training. . . .

"Although the wilderness is dark and the land of hope and promise is not even in view, God calls us to a life of faithfulness and trust."

The state's chief executive noted the Pilmore-Boardman Bicentennial, the growth of modern United Methodism, and the contributions made by the denomination to "the spiritual and material welfare of New Jersey," in urging folk of other creeds "to so honor their own forebears, drawing from history both inspiration and example for these days."

The document also bore the countersignature of Robert J. Burkhardt, secretary of state and a United Methodist.

Aside from such official recognition, the bicentennial, in the planning stage for a year, culminated in a banquet in Pennsauken and the dedication of a monument in Gloucester City, October 24 and 25.

Nearly 500 attending the evening event heard Asbury Seminary's president Dr. Frank B. Stanger describe the landing and brief ministry of Joseph Pilmore and Richard Boardman as "a giant leap for the Christianizing of mankind in the New World." He also detailed their travels and major gifts to the American church. The latter, he stated, were a sense of unity among the societies, fervent evangelism, and orderly administration.

Hear 'Appointment to America'

An original dramatic review by Ruth Parsons Strahan portrayed John Wesley's disappointment in being unable to send help to John Street Church, N.Y. when asked, then his action, a year later, assigning the two volunteer missionaries.

Saturday afternoon Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., responding to the concern of several about the chill wind, addressed worshipers in a recreation hall.

In Princeton headquarters Bishop Taylor reads advance copy of Gov. Hughes' Proclamation citing Boardman and Pilmore.

NNJ Rally Launches Education Fund

Job referral and training are part of PICA's work, aided by our TMC gifts.

Every secretary knows that PICA means "large type." Every North Jersey United Methodist should know that PICA also stands for Passaic Inter-Faith Committee for Action, a *very* large-type service.

When the lay-clergy screening last spring approved a modest allocation to this ecumenical program, they considered it one of the most promising of the 14 projects then cleared.

Making good on this partnership, as on the others, requires our faithful payment of pledges to the Total Mission Crusade.

At Fund for Ministerial Education Rally guitarist-singers Randall Bean, left, and Gary Culp, right, help the MYFers—or is it their elders—"get with it." Despite festive air, with balloons and light comedy, the subject is serious.

Everybody's got a Manifesto. At this scene, though, nobody got dragged away.

What they termed "the Dallas Dream"—of $8.3 million annually for training the ministry of United Methodism—seemed to North Jersey laymen and clergy at least a possibility when they got together to talk it over a few days ago.

Folk singing to set the modern stage of the pastor's changing role; pickets to let everybody have his say (or somebody else's); and a giant pow-wow of 40 conversation circles were some of the features of the fast-paced Education Fund Rally at Drew University.

Beyond the Dollar-per-year-per-Member math, and talk about new curricula, were the insights of Bishop Taylor, such as: "The local church must become a partner in recruiting ministers. . . . If it does not recognize and train them, it does not deserve to survive. . . . Will its leaders have quality education, theological education, and continuing education?"

Youth, laymen, and preachers—all have a stake in sound theological education.

New Gifts and Grads in Jersey's 'Wings of Healing'

With Christmas approaching and those little, red cardboard stockings hungry to help United Methodist hospitals, New Jerseyans can be thankful for the strength of their "Wings of Healing"—the Methodist Hospitals in Brooklyn and Philadelphia.

Struggling to keep up with rising costs, both institutions have expanded physical facilities, installed the best technical equipment, trained hundreds of nurses, and cared for thousands of patients.

Cartons of toys from Lions Club make purr-fect gifts for Brooklyn kids, left to right: Pedro Hermandez, Dennis Bryceland, and Maria Yasquez. Oh yes, adults are Brooklyn Hospital's Executive Director Vernon Stutzman and Lion John E. Cowen.

When Philadelphia graduates are girls like Charlyne Allston, left, and Terry Barr, right, RN also means "Really Nice." Glad to see their diploma here is Bishop J. Gordon Howard, with Trustees President Paul Guest and Administrator C. I. Berkvist looking on.